Circulation Last Week, 150,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THIS PAPER IS PAID FOR.

The BLADE sends no Papers out except to Paid - in - Advance subscribers.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1888. NUMBER 49

Poetry.

A MUTUAL ATTACHMENT.

They had whirled around in the steps of the waltz,
And dismay had spread o'er his face,
For he found just then, at the end of the dance,
A button had caught in her lace.

He colored, and then, in embarrassed tones,
When the dance had gone quite through,
"I pray pardon my boldness," he said with a smile,
"But you see I'm attached to you."

Then, roguishly glancing, she answered at once:
"Don't let that worry you so;
For quickly you'll see, if you'd only half try,
This attachment is mutual—you know."
—*Yale Courant.*

FOLK SONGS.

These melodies so sweet that charm our ears,
Wafts to us heart breaths of a homely folk—
The lover's plaint, or wanton harmless joke,
The joys of life and love—of death no fears.
A nation's soul is a nation's song;
No further need we look for country's love,
Its breaths that strain wherever it may roam
In patriotism chanted loud and long.
Sing on! thou band of true hearts! sing away
While Liberty and right through you do gain
An audience 'gainst the tyranny of kings.
No songs like yorns, that with a homely strain
Defend the hearth and home of him who sings
His Fatherland and freedom's royal sway.
—*Williams' Literary Monthly.*

AN AID TO MEMORY.

"While you're in the city, Ned
Won't you buy some 50 thread?"
Phyllis asks, and while I linger,
Taking that which is the due
Of him who wins the bread for two,
She ties some thread around my finger,
Adding, "Dear, lest you forget,
I'll teach you memory's alphabet.

"First, the thread suggests a string;
Any string may be a measure;
We'll say a yard—the very thing—
Remembering that will be a pleasure;
A grassy yard (what's in a name?)
Will make you think of lawns with ease,
And lawn and muslin are the same.
And muslin's cotton, if you please,
Now cotton wound, as I opine,
Is nothing, after all, but thread,
And 50 by your age and mine—
I'm sure you can't forget it, Ned."

I answer her as best I may,
But now within the shop I linger;
What in the dickens did she say
About the string around my finger?
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Our Story Teller.

CLARA MARKHAM.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

Author of "Rogues and Vagabonds," "Lights o' London," etc., etc. (Now first Published in America.)

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

FOR a moment the doctor could make no reply. He stood staring at the girl in blank amazement. Then he recovered himself and went up stairs three at a time to his wife's bedroom.

It was empty.

The room was in confusion—dresses and clothes were tossed here and there. A trunk had evidently been packed in a hurry; the wardrobes turned over to select the dresses and things to be taken away, and Mrs. Markham and Jane Wesley were gone.

The doctor sat down on the empty bed, and stared about him. His prey had escaped him. That was bad enough, but there might be something worse in the background. His wife could only have been taken away in this extraordinary manner for one reason, and that reason was that she and her companion knew that her life was in peril while she remained under her husband's roof.

As he recognized the situation a cold perspiration burst from every pore. What would these two women do? Would they betray him? Would his wife go to a medical man, or would Jane Wesley go to the police? Whatever their plans might be, he was powerless to alter them.

Even if he had found out where his wife had gone to, he could not compel her to return to him. She would then declare that he had tried to poison her, and an investigation of such a charge would be disastrous to him and his hopes.

When Miss Wesley came back, the doctor told her the news. She completely lost her presence of mind. She was convinced that all would be discovered. Clara would die from the consequences of the removal and the journey in her state of health, and there would be an inquiry into the circumstances, and Jane Wesley would be a damning witness against them.

But Jane Wesley was her brother's wife. She would hardly do anything which might involve him in trouble.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. Tom Wesley had done nothing but recommend his wife when they wanted a nurse. The guilty parties themselves could alone implicate him, and they could not do so without confessing that the charge against them was true. No evidence that Jane Wesley could give could be used against Tom, as he was her husband.

But against them!

Then it was a different matter. "By heaven!" exclaimed the doctor, as he thought the situation out, "our lives are in Jane Wesley's hands. If Clara dies now, Tom's wife can hang us!"

* * * * * * *

A month went by, and Dr. Markham was unable to discover his missing wife's whereabouts. He had not dared to continue his search for her after the day which followed her departure. On that day he received a letter. It was from his wife. It bore no address, and was very short and to the point.

"I know the truth, and have gone away to save you from the fate you were bringing upon yourself. Do not attempt to find me, or to follow me. So long as you leave me unmolested your secret will be kept, but not a moment longer. If you take any steps to find me or attempt to communicate with me, I shall know what to do. Clara."

The doctor breathed again. So far as his wife was concerned he was safe while she lived. But if she died—then there was Jane Wesley.

Tom, who had been communicated with at once, had no news of his wife. She had not even written to him. He appeared as terrified as any of them when he heard what had happened, and begged and prayed of the doctor in almost hysterical dismay not to seek in any way to trace the fugitives.

For a month the two accomplices lived a life of utter misery. They were a prey to constant fears of disaster. The uncertainty as to Clara's fate filled them with hourly apprehension. They feared to pick up a newspaper lest they should see her death in it. A line on the contents bills, "Mysterious Death of a Lady," which the doctor saw one day as he was in a street, had such an effect upon him that it was a week before he recovered himself.

The doctor and Miss Wesley avoided each other as much as possible. The position became so painful that Miss Wesley at last left the house and went to Brighton, where she lived in apartments. The guilty secret which bound them together kept them apart.

The doctor found himself in a most peculiar position with regard to his wife's affairs. She had complete control of her own money. She drew her own checks, and all the dividends were paid direct to her account at the bank. He wanted to ascertain if his wife was drawing checks, if she had withdrawn any large sum; but he hesitated to go to the bank in a straightforward manner and make an inquiry. Like all guilty people, he fancied that the slightest circumstance would arouse suspicion against him. But if he made no inquiry—if afterwards it were to be discovered that his wife had disappeared and that he had made no effort to find her, if it was proved that he had not even gone to the bank to find if she was still drawing checks, would not that also be a suspicious circumstance? A thousand ideas pursued each other across his bewildered brain. In the absolute uncertainty as to his wifen fate, he knew not how to act for the best.

All his doubts and fears were set at rest at last. About two months after the flight of his wife the doctor was aroused in the night by the violent ringing of the night bell. He put his head out of the window to inquire who wanted him, and a man's voice answered him, "Come down and let me in; I must see you at once."

The late visitor was Tom Wesley.

Conscious that something unusual had happened, the doctor hurried on some clothes and went down and let Wesley in.

He was very excited, and imparted his wonderful news at once. Jane had come back as mysteriously as she had departed—she had come back with the intelligence that the doctor's wife was dead and buried. She and Jane had gone to Dover, where they had stayed until Mrs. Markham's health improved. From Dover they had crossed the Channel and made their way to the south of France, and thence they had gone to Naples. In Naples Mrs. Markham had been attacked with fever, and had died in a few days. An English doctor had attended her, and had certified the cause of death, and in four and twenty hours, according to the custom of the country, the poor lady had been laid to her rest.

The doctor could hardly realize the fact at first, but as the truth dawned upon him he heaved a sigh of internal relief.

His wife's death could never be laid at his door now. The spell of anxiety was at an end.

On the following day he received from Tom Wesley the certificate, and wrote at once to the English doctor for particulars of his wife's last illness. He was anxious that everything should be done in proper form. He might have ascertained all he wanted to know from Jane Wesley, but the subject was not one upon which he cared to converse with his brother-in-law's wife.

In a week the doctor's answer was received. He had been called in to the lady too late to save her.

She had died of a fever which was very prevalent in Naples and very rapid in its development. Armed with the certificate and the letter, the doctor went at once to the bank and gave the due notice of his wife's death, and asked a few particulars as to the state of her account. He ascertained that from the time his wife left London she had drawn out the sum of two thousand pounds, and he wondered what she could have wanted with so much money, and what she had done with it. Possibly Tom's wife knew, but he was not anxious to cross-examine her on the subject.

The only course to take was the legal one with regard to his wife's property and the will by which it became his and her sister's. He went down to Brighton and saw Miss Wesley, and advised her to remain there for the present, which she readily agreed to do.

Tom Wesley was not in any great way benefited by the death of his sister, but his request for a loan of £500, as things were hard with him, was readily granted by the doctor.

* * * * * * *

Twelve months after the death of Mrs. Markham the doctor announced to Tom that he was about to be married—it was to be a quiet wedding, and for the present no one would know anything about it. The doctor had sold his town practice, intending to live in the country. The property of his first wife rendered him independent of his profession.

A few days before the wedding Tom called on his brother-in-law, and in the course of a pleasant little conversation informed him that he had just developed a magnificent scheme, and required £10,000 to carry it out.

The doctor smiled.

"My poor Tom," he said, "I am beginning to find your magnificent schemes out. I don't want any more of them."

"You refuse."

"Absolutely."

"Come, Markham, I did you a good turn once. But for me, instead of having Clara's money now, you might be living in the place where they bury murderers."

The doctor's face went crimson with rage. "Don't try that game on, Tom Wesley, he said. "I have had nothing to do with Clara's death, and you know it."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"I am very sorry I ever went out of my way to help your blackguardly scheme," he said. "You've got my sister's money—you forced her to make a will and then you tried to get her out of the way, because you wanted to marry Kate and live on poor Clara's fortune. It would go hard with you even now if I told my story. I think you had better shut my mouth if you want a pleasant honeymoon."

"You'll keep your mouth shut for your own sake," replied the doctor, angrily, "I'm not going to be blackmailed any more, and so good morning."

"All right, my fine fellow," muttered Tom to himself, as he left the house. "I think you will wish you had been a little more civil to me before we meet again."

On the day arranged for the marriage, the doctor went quietly to the registrar's office, where he and Kate were to be married. He was to meet her at the door. To his surprise, he saw Tom walking up and down in front of the office, and it gave him rather a turn. He imagined he might be going to renew his threats.

But Tom was very pleasant. He nodded and stepped forward. "Come along, Markham," he said; "you're late. My sister's inside already and waiting for you."

The doctor followed Tom without a word. Tom pushed open the door of the registrar's room, and the doctor entered. A lady was seated there already.

The doctor looked at her, then gave a wild cry of horror.

Tom's sister *was* waiting for him, but that sister was not Kate, but Clara.

Dr. Markham on his marriage morning stood face to face with his dead wife.

* * * * * * *

Two minutes after he got into the street, into which he had rushed almost mad with terror, at the apparition of the woman he believed to have been in the grave for twelve months, Dr. Markham recovered his composure, and the truth gradually dawned upon him. He saw now that he had been tricked by Tom Wesley and his wife—that the story of Clara's death was an invention, and that the certificate had been obtained in some way by trickery.

But the object of the plot did not come to him at once.

It had simply given him his wife's fortune, for the will had been proved, the death and burial certificate and the evidence of Tom Wesley accepted, and the doctor had been allowed to enter into possession of the dead woman's property.

This had all been done, but why?

The explanation came from Tom Wesley, who lost no time giving it. He waited on the doctor and demanded at once a legal surrender of the property.

The doctor took the bull by the horns. He declined. He declared that his wife was dead, that the death had been proved, and that he had inherited under her will. She had legally ceased to exist, and he contended that she was dead.

Then Tom Wesley was frank for the first time. He told the doctor that it was only after his wife went to nurse Clara he learnt from her what was really going on.

The doctor had told him that he wanted to keep strangers away, as he feared his wife might make another will secretly, and he wanted her watched in his interest that nothing of the sort might be done. But as soon as Tom found his sister was not dying of disease, but being murdered, he joined with his wife in the plot to prevent it. It was Clara's idea to pretend she was dead. She had formed a belief that nothing but her death would satisfy her husband, and that in some way he would accomplish his end. It was a fixed idea—a mania with her.

While at Naples, the fever broke out and a panic ensued. An English lady, a friendless governess, died in the hotel. She was nursed by Jane Wesley, who took compassion on her. By a mistake of the hotel people, Mrs. Markham's name had been put to the governess's room, and *vice versa*, and the doctor was informed that it was a Mrs. Markham he had attended.

Clara Markham saw her opportunity at once, and insisted upon Jane Wesley helping her to carry out the idea.

Jane gave the doctor the Christian name and all particulars of the dead woman, in accordance with this scheme, and so it came about that the certificate bore the name of Clara Markham when the friendless English governess was buried.

Then Jane and Mrs. Markham came back to England to watch the progress of events. Mrs. Markham took a cottage in the country, and lived on the £2,000 she had drawn from the bank. She said that she would be able to recover her property when the time came for her to do so.

But when Tom heard that his brother-in-law was about to marry Kate, he thought it was time to interfere. The news came upon him like a thunderbolt, and he at once told his sister it was time for her to re-appear.

"Now," said Tom, when he had concluded his narrative, "your wife is alive, and she has no desire to trouble you with her presence; but she does not think that you deserve the fortune she left you, so you'll please to convey it to me by deed of gift. I shall have no difficulty in proving her to be alive, you know."

The doctor hesitated, until Tom declared that if he didn't consent he and Clara and Jane would go to the police and tell the whole story of the attempted poisoning, and prove in a court of law that the will had been obtained by undue influence.

Then he gave way, and parted with the fortune he had risked so much to gain.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Markham, under an assumed name, lives at the present time in a pretty little cottage in a quiet Devonshire watering place. Tom, having received the £10,000, for once in his life brought off a genuine *coup* with the borrowed capital, and pays his eldest sister the interest on her fortune with fine utmost regularity. Dr. Markham went abroad and set up in practice in a foreign town frequented by the English, but his evil reputation has followed him, and he only just manages to exist.

Kate Welsey died soon after her sister's return to life by an overdose of chloral. She had to fly to that terrible drug for relief from the remorse and terror to which she fell a prey.

Truth is stranger than fiction. The name of Clara Markham may be seen to-day by the tourist in the Naples cemetery, and Clara Markham is still alive, though in the eyes of the law she has long since been dead.

She died to save her life, and being dead, recovered her fortune from the man who tried to kill her in order to get it.

Her story is known only to her relatives and to one other person—the famous London lawyer who prepared the deed of gift, and who was placed in possession of all the facts by Mrs. Markham and her brother. If the boxes and pigeon-holes of that famous firm of——and Son could speak, the histories they could tell would startle the world far more than the pen of the most imaginative fictitionist could ever hope to do.

[THE END.]

Prize Questions for the Multitude.

Is the lineage of the codfish aristocracy a fish line?

Which end of the city street is the block-head?

Why do people complain that it is a cold day when they have been subjected to summary treatment?

Did the Prohibition party call out a full vote?

When one is cowed does he become as timid as a calf?

Is buttermilk the product of the goat?

Does the dying dog fancier always struggle to keep pup?

Did the Iberia go down because deprived of her stern necessity?

Why do they call the Anarchists "the reds" when universal dissatisfaction invariably breeds the blues?

Is the period the inebriate of the punctuation family because it is the full stop?

Is the saloon where Old Crow is sold necessarily a crow-bar?

If the crow is a caucus, what kind of a cuss is the crocus?

If Thomas Carlyle was eccentric and Dickens was a crank, what was Lever?

Does crabbed age walk backward?

And when crabbed age and youth try to live together, is their lack of harmony due to a superabundance of devilled-crabbed age?

If the moon is responsible for the tide, who keeps track of the sailors' knots?—*N. Y. Sun.*

In Lighter Vein.

Visitor (to convict)—"I suppose you find your life here very tiresome, my friend?" Convict—"Oh, no, sir. I have been a burglar for a good many years, and have worked hard and conscientiously at the business, and as I am only up for three years I feel that the rest is doing me good.—*New York Sun.*

He (reading)—"Now, that's what I call common sense." She—"What's that John?" He—"A prominent physician says that if men would walk up and down stairs more they would be healthier." She—"That's a sensible doctor. By the way I wish you'd go down in the cellar and bring up a load of wood and some coal before you go to bed, John."—*Lowell Citizen.*

There is a cheerful ring in an engaged girl's laughter.—*Boston Courier.*

In soliciting doughnations for charitable purposes don't forget to call upon the bakers.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"A little thing may completely upset a man," observed Smith when he stumbled over the baby.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Mr. Whitetie—Ah, won't you give me a kiss, my little man? Louis (hiding bashfully in his mamma's gown)—You do it, ma.—*Harper's Drawer.*

He Wanted Another Election.

"Mamma, I'm awful glad Gen. Harrison was elected," said a Third avenue lad after repeating his prayers last evening; "and I hope he'll get elected again."

"Why, dear?"

"So we can go to grandpa's."

"Go to grandpa's?" returned the mother, quizzingly.

"Yes, you know what you told papa."

"I don't know what you mean, child."

"Why, you do remember the night papa came home with his clothes all mud and his hat over his face and he couldn't talk straight. You asked him what was the matter, and he said 'Harrison's elected;' then you said, 'John, if this happens again I'll take the children and go to my father's,' and you were so glad that you cried. Now you remember, don't you, mamma?"—*Detroit Journal.*

Nailed Him.

"I was once chased by a buffalo," said a returned missonary, who liked to pile on the agony, "and thought my time had surely come. The beast kept gaining on my horse at every stride, until at last I could feel its hot breath against my back. I knew there was only one way of escape, and when he made his final bound I bent down till I touched the horse's neck. The movement was well timed, for the buffalo's tusk just ripped the shirt off my back, leaving me uninjured."

"Rats!" cried little Johnnie, in disgust. Didn't I hear you tell sister last night you never rode bareback in your life."

The Game of Poker.

"I tell you," said a traveling man to a companion on the train, "you'll never catch me playing seven up again with Bill Scriver."

"Why not?"

"Because I saw him turn up a jack off the bottom of the deck.

"Well, I'd rather play with him than I would Jerry Spader."

"Why?"

"Because when Jerry turns up a jack off the bottom you can't see him do it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Point of View.

Citizen (to peanut vender)—"What have you got in there? Garibaldi, to keep your peanuts hot, a horse blanket?"

Garibaldi (indignantly)—Non; me no treatee my cus omers like that; dose vas expensive woolen stockings; belongee to my wifa, fina, eh?—*Epoch.*

IT WAS A DRAWN BATTLE.

A Fierce Encounter Between a Water Snake and a Turtle.

Jimmy Kirkshaw, a Ridgefield small boy who often evades school to learn from the great book of nature as it is opened on marshes and along the creeks of the Hackensack meadows, says that on Friday, while sitting contemplatively by one of the brackish streams, he witnessed a strange encounter that must be fought over again before a decision can be rendered as to which of the combatants is entitled to the stakes.

A snapping turtle as large as a big man's hand emerged from the reeds opposite Jimmy's thinking place and started to swim across the creek, using its tail to guide itself. It had not swam two rods from the shore when a water snake glided from under the bank and followed it. The turtle was quite unconscious of the enemy in its rear until the serpent seized it by the tail, which was extended some distance from the shell for steerage purposes. It made several ineffectual efforts to grasp some part of its assailant's body, but for some minutes the snake managed by sinuous movements to keep away from the snapping jaws. Suddenly the turtle adopted new tactics. It backed its tortured tail against a rotten wooden stump in shallow water, and pressing hard astern it momentarily imprisoned the snake and succeeded in obtaining a hold on its neck. The reptile at once released the turtle's tail and devoted its energies to freeing itself from the grip that was rapidly strangling it. It soon succeeded, for the snapping turtle, while it bites hard and fiercely, has no bulldog tenacity of hold. The first round ended without any manifest advantage to either combatant. The turtle swam toward the bank from which it had come, and the snake, with its head some inches out of the water, watched it, apparently undecided whether to renew the battle or not.

Finally it made up its mind to do so, and swimming after the turtle it again seized it by the tail, which by this time was evidently very badly in need of repairs, and dragged it back to the middle of the creek before the "snapper" could again get the neckhold. Then the two reptiles spun around like a wheel in the water, keeping up the rotary motion for about a minute, when, as if by common consent, they released each other and ceased hostilities. The snake swam slowly up the creek, and the turtle went as deliberately down it. They had apparently decided to make their contest a drawn battle.—*New York Times.*

A Charming Widow.

Husband and wife had a little tiff. He buried his nose in a morning paper, while she gazed out of the car window with persistent intentness. A lady entered the car. Husband dropped his paper and gazed at her admiringly.

"Ah," said he, "that's a fine woman. And a widow, too. Don't you think she's handsome?"

"Yes, rather. You seem to like widows."

"Indeed, I do. They're just charming."

Husband evidently thought this would pique his partner. But it didn't.

"Alfred," said she tenderly, placing her hand softly on his arm. "Alfred, I guess I was in the wrong a little while ago, when I became angry at you, and I'm sorry, so sorry. Will you forgive your little wifey?"

"Certainly. Don't say another word about it."

"And you will grant a little request I have to make to you, hubby, dear?"

"Of course. Anything that lies in my power."

"You say you think widows are charming?"

"Yes, I did say so; but——"

"Then make me one; that's a good husband mine. Oh, I shall be so happy!"—*Troy Telegram.*

Two of a Kind.

Friendly takes a seat beside a stranger in the rail car. Friendly is affability itself, and takes early occasion to remark—

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning," comes grudgingly from the lips of the stranger.

"Fine morning, sir."

"I know it."

"We must expect cold weather pretty soon now."

"Did you get that out of the almanac?"

"Pretty chilly already."

"You'll find it warmer up there by the stove."

"But I voted for Cleveland myself," persisted Friendly.

The stranger pressed Friendly's hand fervently, but he said never a word. The two tears which rolled down his face were more eloquent than language.—*Boston Transcript.*

At the Minstrels.

Mr. Birch tells one of the best end stories heard in many a day and brought down the house. He said:

I went down Broadway a couple of weeks before election and met a man who was selling puppies. I love dogs, you know, and asked the man what breed they were. He said they were Cleveland and Thurman dogs. I am that breed myself, so I bought them. The day after election I saw the same man with the same kind of puppies for sale. He was shouting, 'Here's your Harrison and Morton puppies.' I stepped up and says I: 'Look here, gentle stranger, I bought two of those puppies of you and you said they were Cleveland and Thurman pups.'

"'That's all right,' said he, 'that was nine days ago; these have got their eyes open now.'"

Dan and the President.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Dan," said his Highness, laying down a ponderous encyclopedia, "do you know how much Blaine made out of his book?"

"No, sire; but it must have been a big pile."

"Dan," continued the President, musingly, "I have made up my mind to publish a book. I am going to gather all my pension vetoes into one volume. People tell me they are funnier than anything Bill Nye ever wrote. And it is all original humor, Dan; they can't say I took *that* out of an encyclopedia."

"The book would be immensely popular, sir."

"I think it would, Dan. And, Dan, I might go around and get subscriptions for it myself. Blaine never did that."

And his Highness applied himself to the Cyclopedia with renewed vigor.

A Clever Youth.

"Did you ever meet my friend Mr. Gus De Jay?" asked a young man of rather limited intellect, addressing a young lady.

"Yes, I had the honor of meeting him early in the evening."

"Very clevah fellow, isn't he—wemakkably bright, don't you think?"

"Why, yes, in a certain sense."

"I don't quite understand you; how do you mean in a certain sense?"

"I think he could be trained to do real cunning tricks."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Evidently a Misunderstanding.

Painter (who is looking for work and has pestered Mrs. Hobson beyond endurance): "That fence, madam, needs a coat of paint very badly."

Mrs. Hobson (impatiently to servant): "Show this man the front door at once, James."

Painter: "Ah, this looks like business. I'll paint that door for you, madam, in good shape for five dollars."—*Epoch.*

Too Much Slang.

"These stockings are all wool," she said, as she requested the clerk in an avenue store to wrap her up a half dozen pairs.

"Oh, yes, miss," he answered in slangy thoughtlessness, "they're all wool and a yard wide."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly, and before she could fully realize what he had said she whisked out of the store.—*Washington Critic.*

As to Monarchs.

Father—"Now, my son, in a government what is the source of power?"

Young America (promptly)—"The king."

Father—"But in a country like ours what is even more powerful than a king?"

Young America (triumphantly)—"Four kings and an ace."—*Life.*

Ponsonby's Prospects.

Mr Dolliver—So you want to marry my daughter. Have you any means of existence?

Mr. Ponsonby—At present, none, but I have very brilliant prospects.

Mr. Dolliver—I dare say, but suppose I don't die for a good many years, what's going to become of you then?—*Drake's Magazine.*

HE LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT.

A little maid, with golden hair,
Among the daisies seated,
With many a little blush so fair,
These mystic words repeated—
"He loves me—loves me not."

But now, before she makes a choice,
Two hands before her eyes appear,
And whispers low a boyish voice,
"The daisy couldn,t tell you, dear,
How much he loves you."
—*B. W. Ellis in the Washington Congress.*

A GEORGIA STORY.

"There was a man in north Georgia," said a backwoodsman, "who had a corn crib on the bank of a creek and lot of shingles piled up on the other side, where the woods came down to the stream. The man noticed that his corn pile was getting lower, although he had not begun to use out of that crib. It worried him a long time, for the crib door was locked and the logs of the crib were spiked down where they were notched together at the corners. Finally he concluded to watch until he found out how that corn was being spirited away.

At last he saw a squirrel come out of the woods and carry a shingle down to the water's edge on the other side, where he made a ferryboat out of it and hoisted his tail for a sail. By heading a little down stream and flourishing his tail in a certain way he managed to guide the shingle across. When he had landed he went up to the corn crib, took an ear of corn out between the logs and carried it down to the water's edge, where he put it on the shingle, hoisted his tail and guided his boat back to the other side. Having landed the shingle he dragged the ear of corn to a hollow tree where he got it inside. This squirrel was followed by others who went through the same maneuver, each landing an ear of corn at the foot of the same tree. Amazed at what he had seen, and hardly able to believe his eyes, the man went over to examine the tree. He had on a heavy overcoat buttoned at the top with one heavy button. As he waded through the creek his coat absorbed water and got very heavy, and as he came out on the other side, the button flew off and struck a crouching rabbit behind the ear, killing it instantly. Just at that moment the man saw what made his overcoat so heavy. The big side pockets were full of fish. Picking up the rabbit, he concluded that it was hardly fit to eat and threw it aside. There was a covey of partridges huddled with their heads together, as they sometimes do, and the rabbit's head struck in the center and killed the whole covey. Having tied the birds together with a string, the man went to the tree and found his corn inside. He called to his son, who came over with an axe and felled the tree, which proved to be a bee tree. Besides getting all his corn back, the man got twelve barrels of honeycomb, the top of the tree fell over into the creek, and the water ran sweet for twenty miles.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Embarrassed.

His face grew pale, he hung his head,
"I think I ought to tell," he said,
"I ought to tell—but somehow dread——"
And then his face grew rosy red.
She guessed at what he meant to say,
But in a maiden's way
Asked only: "Well! What is it, Fred?
He gazed at her, she thought with pride,
His silence sore her patience tried,
She bit her pretty lips and sighed
Till he, at last grown desperate, cried:
"I feel it right to say—my dear,"
Her heart was filled with nameless fear,
"That—I—think—er—your bustle's one side,
my dear."—*Cartoon.*

Inquisitiveness Rebuked.

Tramp (to gentleman in evening dress)—Sir, can you assist a man who is utterly broken down?

Gentleman—No, sir. I saw you emerge but now from a drinking saloon.

Tramp (catching the key)—When I solicited your alms, sir, I did not question the source of your wealth. A little courtesy would have suggested that you leave unquestioned the source of my downfall, sir. I have the honor to wish you good evening.—*The Cartoon.*

She Was Amazed.

Wife (at supper)—"O, I was so annoyed at the drug store this afternoon." Husband—"What was the trouble?" Wife—"There were six or seven ahead of me as usual, one wanted a 10-cent box of wafers, another an equal amount of tooth powder, still another 5 cents' worth of tutti-frutti gum—O, I should think these poor druggists would go crazy with such trifling custom." Husband—"And what did you buy, my dear?" Wife—"A 2-cent postage stamp."—*Epoch.*

It Worked Both Ways.

Miather O'Rooney (entering hardware store)—The boss sint me down after a pane av glass, tin by foorteen. Waggish clerk—Well, Pat, I don't think I can give you a ten by fourteen, but I can let you have a fourteen by ten, if you can make that do. Pat (struck with a bright idea)—Be hivvens! just gimme wan av thim, an' Oll jist turn th' sidewayes av it upside down, an' Oi don't belave the boss himself 'ud ever know th' difference.—*Toronto Grip.*

What He Pulled Up.

"The other day I rowed down the river," said an old Texan ranger, "and saw some cowboys staking off a claim in the richest bottom-land on my place. They were armed with Winchester rifles and were desp'rately impudent."

"Did you pull up their stakes?" asked his neighbor.

"Not much!" was the reply. "I pulled up the stream."

A Blackmailing Child.

Reginald—Papa, can I have a piece of mince pie?

Papa—You may if you promise not to tell mamma that I gave it to you. (Pie is devoured in silence.)

Reginald—Please can I have some more?

Papa (sternly)—No more, sir!

Reginald (after a pause)—If you don't let me I shall tell mamma.

He got it.—*Life.*

The Only Substitute.

Stranger (from Dakota)—I hear you are making mustard plasters by the yard, always ready for use.

Druggist—Yes, sir. Would you like to try one?

"Not now; but if you'll warrant 'em good and hot you can send me about 40 yards by express to Bitzzardville, Dak. Winter is coming on, and wood is too high for poor folks."—*Phil. Record.*

Peculiarities of Rocky Mountain Engineering.

"How far is it to the next station, sir?" "'Bout two miles by rail." "What's the name of the place?" "Barker." "Barker? Why that's the name of this town." "Yes; but, ye see, the road takes a hoss shoe curve an' comes in hyur ag'in 'bout a couple of blocks above."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A Fortunate Accident.

Mistress (after a heavy crash in the kitchen below): "Gracious, Bridget, I hope you haven't broken that new vase I brought home to-day."

Bridget: "No, mem; it's one o' the limmin meringe pies that ye's was abakin' this afternoon."—*Epoch.*

Chance Acquaintances at Montreal.

"If I may ask, how much money did you ever clear at one time?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"How?"

"Cleared out with it."—*Burlington Free Press.*

In Great Good Luck.

"You don't seem much troubled over losing that girl," said Merritt.

"No," replied Bjones, "she broke off the engagement the very night before her father was caught on wheat and utterly ruined.

She Was Gathered Forthwith.

He—It's too bad the autumn leaves are all gone, isn't it? I did enjoy gathering and pressing them.

She (archly)—George, I wish I was an autumn leaf.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Accustomed to Being Boss.

"What an imperious, dictatorial person Mrs. Snorter is."

"Yes, she went out to service in her youth."—*Time.*

How He Came Out.

Mr Rider—Been to the races, Tom?

Tom—Yep.

Mr. Rider—Did you come out ahead?

Tom—No; afoot.—*Washington Post.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER VIII.

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the common weal.
POPE'S ILIAD.

"This is a strange tale, Sir Thomas," said the sick monarch, when he had heard the report of the trusty baron of Gilsland; "art thou sure this Scotchman is a tall man and true?"

"I cannot say, my lord," replied the jealous borderer; "I live a little too near the Scots to gather much truth among them, having found them ever fair and false. But this man's bearing is that of a true man, were he a devil as well as a Scot—that I must needs say for him in conscience."

"And for his carriage as a knight, how sayest thou, De Vaux?" demanded the King.

"It is your Majesty's business more than mine to note men's bearings; and I warrant you have noted the manner in which this man of the Leopard hath borne himself. He hath been well spoken of."

"And justly, Thomas," said the king. "We have ourselves witnessed him. It is indeed our purpose in placing ourselves ever in the front of battle, to see how our liegemen and followers acquit themselves, and not for a desire to accumulate vainglory to ourselves, as some have supposed. We know the vanity of the praise of man, which is but a vapor, and buckle on our armor for other purposes than to win it."

De Vaux was alarmed when he heard the king make a declaration so inconsistent with his nature, and believed at first that nothing short of the approach of death could have brought him to speak in depreciating terms of military renoun, which was the very breath of his nostrils. But recollecting he had met the royal confessor in the outer pavilion, he was shrewd enough to place this temporary self-abasement to the effect of the reverend man's lesson, and suffered the king to proceed without reply.

"Yes," continued Richard, "I have indeed marked the manner in which this knight does his devoir. My leading-staff were not worthy a fool's bauble, had he escaped my notice—and he had ere now tasted of our bounty, but that I have also marked his overweening and audacious presumption."

"My liege," said the baron of Gilsland, observing the king's countenance change, "I fear I have transgressed your pleasure in lending some countenance to his transgression."

"How, De Multon, thou!" said the king, contracting his brows, and speaking in a tone of angry surprise, "thou countenance his insolence? It cannot be."

"Nay your Majesty will pardon me to remind you that I have by mine office a right to grant liberty for a few of gentle blood, to keep them a hound or two within the camp just to cherish the noble art of venerie; and besides, it were a sin to have maimed or harmed a thing so noble as this gentleman's dog."

"Has he then a dog so handsome?" said the king.

"A most perfect creature of heaven," said the baron, who was an enthusiast in field-sports—"of the noblest northern blood—deep in the chest, strong in the stern, black color and brindled on the breast and legs, not spotted with white, but just shaded into gray—strength to pull down a bull—swiftness to cote an antelope."

The king laughed at his enthusiasm. "Well, thou hast given him leave to keep the hound, so there is an end of it. Be not, however, liberal of your liences among those knights adventurers, who have no prince or leader to depend upon—they are ungovernable and leave no game in Palestine. But to this piece of learned heathenesse—sayest thou the Scot met him in the desert?"

"No, my lord, the Scot's tale runs thus; He was dispatched to the old hermit of Engaddi, of whom men talk so much—"

"Sdeath and hell!" said Richard, starting up, "by whom despatched, and for what? Who dared to send any one thither when our queen was in the convent of Engaddi, upon her pilgrimage for our recovery."

"The Council of the Crusade sent him my lord," answered De Vaux, "for what purpose, he declined to account to me. But I think it is scarce known in camp, that your royal consort is on a pilgrimage—and even the princes may not be aware, as the queen has been sequestered from company since you love prohibited her attendance in case of infection."

"Well, it shall be looked into," said Richard. "So this Scotsman, this envoy, met with a wandering physician at the grotto of Engaddi—ha?"

"Not so, my lord," replied De Vaux; "but he met, I think, near that place, with a Saracen Emir, with whom he had some melee in the way of proof of valor, and finding him worthy to bear brave men company, they went together as errant knights are wont, to the grotto of Engaddi."

Here De Vaux stopped for he was not one of those who can tell a long story in a sentence.

"And did they there meet the physician?" demanded the king impatiently.

"No, my liege, but the Saracen, learning your grievous illness, undertook that Saladin should send his own physician to you and with many assurances of his eminent skill; and he came to the grotto accordingly, after the Scottish knight had tarried a day or more for him. He is attended as if he were a prince, with drums and atabiers and servants on horse and foot, and brings with him letters of credence from Saladin," said De Vaux.

"Have they been examined by Giacomo Loredani?"

"I showed them to the interpreter ere bringing them hither, and behold their contents in English.

Richard took a scroll, in which were inscribed these words:

"The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mahommed, [Out upon the hound!' said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjection;] Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and of Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech Ric, Richard of England, greeting. Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish mediciners as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet, [Confusion on his head,' again muttered the English monarch,] we have therefore sent to tend and wait upon thee at this time, the physician of our own person, Adonbecel Hakim, before whose face the Angel of Death spreads his wings and departs from the sick chamber, who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do praying you heartily to honor the use of his skill, but not only that we may do service to thy worth and valor, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us, to an end, either by honorable agreement or by open trial thereof with our weapons in a fair field; seeing that it neither becomes thy place and courage to the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his task master, nor befits it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapon by such a disease. And, therefore, may the holy—"—

"Hold, bold," said Richard, "I will have no more of his dog of a prophet. It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan believes in a dead dog. Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself under the charge of this Hakim—I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity—I will meet Saladin in the field as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-ax. I will convert him to the Holy church with such blows as he has rarely endured. He shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptized in the battlefield, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both. Haste, De Vaux, why didst thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the Hakim hither."

"My lord," said the baron, who perhaps saw some succession of fever in this overflow of conndence—"bethink you, the Soldan is a pagan, and that you are his most formidable enemy—"

"For which reason he is the more bound to do me service in this matter, lest a paltry fever end the quarrel betwixt two such kings. I tell thee he loves me as I love him—as noble adversaries ever love each other—by my honor, it were a sin to doubt his good faith."

"Nevertheless, my lord, it were well to wait the issue of those medicines upon the Scottish squire, my own life depends upon it, for worthy were I to die like a dog, did I proceed rashly in this matter,

Recent Literature.

SERIOUS AND AMUSING.

British Letters—Scotch Caps—Her Only Brother — Carleton's Treasury—Taras Bulba—Alden's Cyclopedia—Town and Country School Buildings—Glorinda, Pamphlet Novels—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes their handsome volumes bearing the general title "British Letters," and made up of choice extracts from the correspondence of famous English authors, owe their preparation to the careful and judicious hand of Edward T. Mason, a gentleman who has done other and excellent work of the same kind. The letters are grouped according to subject, under such heads as "Home Life," "Town Life," "Country Life," "Manners," "Adventures," etc. in these later days of telephones and telegraphs, letter-writing has become a lost art. It may not be exaggeration to say that some of the best things in modern English literature occur in epistolary writing. The volumes are uniform with Mr. Mason's former compilations, "Prose Masterpieces" and "Humorous Masterpieces," and are put up in a strong pasteboard box.

"Scotch Caps" is the title of a new juvenile story by J. A. K., author of "Briarwood," "Fitch Club," and other favorite books. The scene is laid along the New England coast, and the incidents fall about equally upon sea and shore. The trials and adventures of two young boy students in a large academy and their troubles with a large body of harum-scarum young fellows, known as the "Off Shores," form the plot of the story, which is one of the author's best. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. also issue "Her Only Brother," by W. Heimburg, translated from the German by Jean W. Wylie. It is an interesting story of German country life, a pure, healthy work of fiction, with considerable intensity, and yet of a simple character. The work has been a very popular one in Germany, and will, no doubt, be equally so among a certain class here. It is a story of home life, German home life, full of the same affections, with no little pathos, and almost a tragedy. The book ends in a way that will please most readers.

"Carleton's Treasury" is a valuable handbook of general information or what may be called a condensed encyclopedia of universal knowledge. It is a reference book upon very many subjects including among others Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, Electricity, Fine Arts, Ancient History, Animal Creation, Literature, Geography and a host of other things too numerous to mention. There is a complete analytical index for ready reference. This is the eighteenth edition of this work, showing the degree of popularity it has attained. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Taras Bulba" is a historical novel of Russia and Poland translated from the Russian by Jeremiah Curtin, who is one of the greatest linguists in the world, and therefore well fitted for the work of translating. The author of the work is Golgol, one of the finest among Russian writers. The historical period dweit upon in the story is that covered by the contest between the Cossacks and the Poles. It affords such pictures of life and character as few American readers have ever seen. No one can afford to be ignorant concerning this wonderful nation and its literature. John B. Alden, publisher, New York.

The volume of the "Manifold Cyclopedia" extends from Cosmography to Debry, and contains about 640 pages and about 100 illustrations, handsomely printed and neatly bound in cloth. This work is more comprehensive than any other cyclopedia, except Cassell's, (which costs several times as much,) including an unabridged dictionary of the English language in addition to ordinary cyclopedia matter, and though many of the articles are necessarily brief, they are sufficiently full for practical people, and the same applies to many surprisingly extended, for instance: Cotton occupies 226 pages; Crannogs, 8 pages; Creeds and Confessions, 5 pages; Cricket, 4 pages; Crusades, 6 pages; Darwin and Darwinian theory, 17 pages, and so on. It would be strange indeed of a cyclopedia of such great merit, published at a cost so surprisingly low, did not reach an enormous circulation. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, Chicago, Atlanta and San Francisco.

"Town and Country School Buildings," by E. C. Gardner, is further described as a collection of plans and designs for schools of various sizes graded and ungraded, with descriptions of construction, of sanitary arrangements, light, heat and ventilation. The writer is well informed about the requirements of such buildings, and the work contains much that is helpful to those who have them in charge. It is published by E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York and Chicago.

In Anna Bowman Dodd's story entitled "Glorinda," which is published by Roberts Bros., Boston, are many fine passages. The heroine herself is almost a type of the free, vigorous, talented, but untaught, trifling that may be found upon the plantations of the southern border states. A creature of beauty and fine, though uncultivated fiber, she enjoys no social advantages and sees but few persons aside from the negroes on the plantation. The nearest neighbors of father and daughter are several thrifty Yankee people, whose very thrift is an offense to the indolent colonel. The son, a rude but honest fellow, is dreadfully in love with Glorinda, but in a kindly way. She is quite too airy for such an alliance. A young millionaire flits across her horizon and indulges in what is to him a harmless flirtation. Of course it is quite another thing with her. Just how it all comes about the author tells in a sympathetic and spirited manner, and as a character study "Glorinda" becomes decidedly interesting.

From Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago and New York, comes in pamphlet form two of the most popular novels, one "The Blackhall Ghosts," by Sarah Tytler, author of "Saint Mungo's City" and other popular works; and "The Ironmaster or Love and Pride," by Georges Ohnet. This work has been dramatized under the titles of "The Forgemaster" and "Lady Clare," and proved to be very popular. The book is strong, vivid and picturesque.

"Lord Hope's Choice," one of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' most popular copyright novels, has just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, to sell at the unprecedented low price of 25 cents a copy, retail. "Lord Hope's Choice" is one of the most popular novels ever written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and has never before been published or sold under $1.50 a copy. This edition is published for the million, and for the benefit of people who desire to read the works of this distinguished and popular author, but care not to buy the fine library editions.

"Kathleen" is a story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett now published by the Peterons in pamphlet form and sold for 25 cents. It will prove to be one of the most popular books for the price ever published, as it is a most interesting story.

"Donovan" is a novel by Edna Lyall, and a very readable book it is. Beginning with the hero as a young English lad of a naturally noble disposition which had been stirred by his surroundings, until he was seemingly anything but what those who loved him desired that he should be, it follows him through many checkered years until the close of the book finds him exactly where the reader would like to have a friend. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Literary Notes.

Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, has written a personal sketch of John Ruskin, which is to appear in an early number of *Harper*.

Mrs. Deland's novel, "John Ward, Preacher," has gone into its fifteenth edition. There has been little adverse criticism of this book, whereas "Robert Elsemere" has been much contemned by strict churchmen.

"Pen and Ink," by Brander Matthews, just published by Longmans, Green & Co., is the first American book they have both printed and published in this country.

The present publishers of the *Writer* will begin in January, 1889, the issue of a companion periodical, the *Author*, whose aim will be to give whatever, from any source, either at home or abroad, can be of value to the noble army of ink-slingers.

Marion Harland is in Eastern Virginia, where she will remain for some time, gathering material for a new novel which the Lothrops are to publish.

"The Open Door" is the title of Miss Blanche Willis Howard's forthcoming story. Those who have read the manuscript say that it is the best thing she has written. The scene is laid in Germany. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are bringing it from the press.

Mr. Stevenson's series of essays in *Scribner* end with the Christmas number, and during the coming year these "brief final papers" will be from the pens of American authors. Mr Thomas Bailey Aldrich will contribute the first to the January number.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, have been shrewd enough, while the "Robert Elsmere" flood is at its height, to bring out an edition of Miss Ward's other novel, "Miss Brethertcn," whose heroine is supposed to be Mary Anderson very slightly disguised.

A new portrait of Mr. Whittier will appear in the January number of "*The Atlantic*," and it promises to be a fine one. The poet was one of the first contributors to the first number of that ever admirable magazine. Another good thing which the January "*Atlantic*" is to give us is an article by Margaret Deland.

Word comes from the Macmillans that next week they will have ready Rennell Rodd's "Frederick, Crown Prince and Emperor," for which, it is said, the Empress Frederick has written a preface.

The indefatigable Mr. Rider Haggard has completed still another novel, this time in the regulation three volumes, entitled "Colonel Quaritch; a Tale of Country Life." The author ought to know something about country life, for he is a country squire.

Judge Tourgee says in *The Forum* that "a foreigner studying our current literature, without knowledge of our history, and judging our civilization by our fiction, would undoubtedly conclude that the South was the seat of intellectual empire in America and the African the chief romantic element of our population." There is a good deal of truth in this, though it is, of course, too sweeping.

In the Christmas number of the *Bookbuyer* there will be a poem from J. W. Riley "Little John's Christmas"—along with special reviews of holiday literature by Donald G. Mitchell, Sara Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, G. P. Lathrop, Professor Baldwin, Brander Matthews, W. C. Brownell and Hamilton Mabie—while Rossiter Johnson will take what is left at one fell swoop, and, let us hope, survive it; and Mrs. Burton Harrison attends to the juvenile publications.

NIGH UNTO THANKSGIVING.

The chill November days have come,
With weather strips and grates;
The careful housewife bustles 'round,
The boys look up their skates;
And on the table in our homes
The buckwheat's sun-burnt cheek
Reflects the joy the youthful hearts
May know but cannot speak.

The ague and the "rheumatiz"
Are playing side by side,
And in the open fireplace
The doctor smiles again.
Crackles the anthracite,
The dead cry leaves go rushing by,
And thicks of colds and cramps and coughs
Which come in winter's train.

The farmer looks his apples o'er
And puts the prices higher;
The fires just give their legs a shake
And nestle near the fire.
The rabbit sniffs the "coming man"
And leaves his weakest haunts,
The blithe girls by his seed
And dons his longest pants.

Upon the fences far and near
Were seen with crowd and quill,
"For all Malarial Disease
Use Shiffen's Dyspepsy Pill;"
The plumber deems of sudden frost,
And twirls his massive chain;
The goofy man grants a storm,
His feet proclaim a rain.

The schoolboy, with the calendar,
Sits counting up the days,
To see what time Thanksgiving comes,
And then goes out and plays;
The prudent housewife counts again
The cost of sealskin sack,
Her liberal husband feels his full cost down
And has her pelt the back.

With cider juice from ruddy fruit
The press is running o'er,
The gobble gooble goose is up
The lot he has in store.
The coal man adds an extra "half,"
"As the supply is short,"
And ice and sleigh, with wondrous ills,
This wondrous month is fraught.

But never mind, we've still enough
And good things more abound,
So let's be thankful every day
Till Thanksgiving comes round.
—*E. H. Shannon, in Good Housekeeping.*

Opinions of Women.

Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite.—*A. Ricard.*

When women cannot be revenged they do as children do—they cry.—*Cardan.*

Woman is a flower that exhales her perfume only in the shade.—*Lamennais.*

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.—*Proverb.*

Women are too imaginative and too sensitive to have much logic.—*Mme. La Deffand.*

A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils.—*Old Proverb.*

Women are extremists—they are either better or worse than men.—*La Bruyere.*

There is no fortune that woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.—*Montague.*

Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—*Balzac.*

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—*Commerson.*

Of all the heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—*Lemonteg.*

Women are constantly the dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitiveness.—*Balzac.*

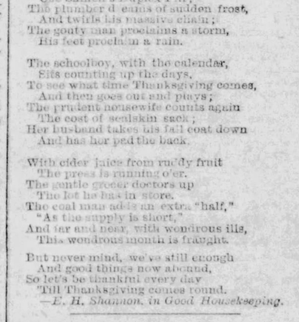
A woman forgives anything but the fact that you do not covet her.—*A. de Musset.*

Oh, woman! it is thou that causeth the tempests that agitate mankind.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Women love always: when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.—*Anon.*

The society of women endangers men's morals and refines their manners.—*Montesquieu.*

THE LATEST FAD.



Mistress—"Why, Jane, what's that you've got?"

Jane—"The new parry-soul and protector, mum, av course."

"You with a thing like that! Why, I shouldn't think of having one myself."

"P'raps not, mum. It ain't everyone they becomes!"—*Siftings.*

THEY BET ON INDIANA.

They had bet on Indiana, and each chuckled in disdain
O'er the other's blooming folly and his own prospective gain.
In the hands of a third party all their summer
Each confident he'd win the pile when came election day.

Each awoke last Wednesday morning, full of confidence and zeal,
And called on the stakeholder, each to make the same request—
That he'd have the money out of bank to pay it out to-day
When the Indiana issue should be known throughout the land.

There each stumbled on the other! Ah, two sadder men ne'er met!
Their bet in eighteen eighty-eight they never will forget,
For they walked away together, hollow-eyed and sadly-lipped,
What to them was Indiana, since the stakeholder had skipped?

—*Chicago Mail.*

But He Didn't Miss It.

Mr. Popinjay—They say that Judge Pompous has lost his voice, my dear.

Mrs. Popinjay—It was so heavy. I should think he would have heard it drop.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A JAUNT SOUTHWARD.

SUGAR FIELDS AND RICE FARMS.

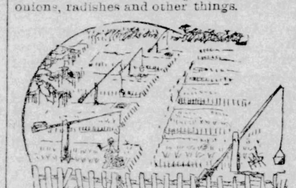
From New Orleans to Bohemia — Ante Bellum Glories — A County that Goes Democratic—The Point to the Axe.

IN early call, a hasty toilet, a run to a street car and a longer, faster run from the same car twenty minutes later, at 6:30 a. m., brought me to the corner of Elysian Fields and Good Children streets, in which locality, so highly favored—at least in name—is the station of the New Orleans & Gulf railroad. As I finally arrived at the station several minutes after time for the train to start, I naturally expected to be left, and was already preparing for an outburst of poignant grief and blessings on a dilatory horse car driver, when I discovered that I yet had plenty of time, as the conductor had not yet arrived.

This road, which is southern in all its characteristics save that its president lives in Indiana, is 50 miles in length and with stations about a mile apart along the line, it has no station agent, freight agent or ticket agent, outside of the New Orleans terminus. The train could not go away and leave the conductor for that functionary, besides his regular duties, sells tickets to passengers, transacts freight business at the stations and, when short of help, pitches in and does some of the loading and unloading. His being late on this particular morning made me on time, and I felt kindly toward him for it.

In the brief interval of waiting for the train to start I had time to look for some of the phenomenal juveniles that had given a name to Good Children street, (Rue des Bon Enfans) but it must have been too early for them to come out. Elysian Fields I found to be not what it is cracked up to be by Homer and Virgil, though as a street it is wide and roomy.

Just before passing out of sight of the city, on our way to Bohemia, we were given a good view of extensive vegetable gardens in which were beds of cabbage, lettuce and other truck that had a familiar look. Throughout these gardens were dozens of old fashioned well sweeps, with as many wells, shallow undoubtedly, used, as could be seen by the performance of some black men who were lifting water with the concerns, to irrigate the beds of onions, radishes and other things.

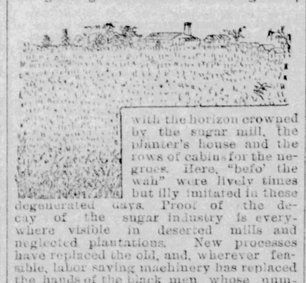


"Wonder what they raise here chiefly," said the reporter to the artist.

"Water, evidently," answered the artist, and they both gazed out of the window at the scene for more than an hour toward New Orleans, while we sped toward Bohemia. The distance between New Orleans and Bohemia is fifty miles, as was before remarked, and the schedule allows the train five hours to traverse it. Bearing this in mind, any reference to the tram's speeding, rushing or whizzing onward should be received with due allowance. Under some circumstances this running schedule might be objectionable, but with plenty of humanity near at hand to study and interesting sights out doors to view, the unconventional traveler gets along quite well.

A pretty diversity of scenery greets the eyes of the traveler, to whom the narrow strips of terra firma lying east of the river is full of novel interest. Clumps of thickets growing between the levees and the batteures formed by the water, heavily festooned with the graceful Spanish moss waving to and fro with the languid breezes, open here and there to accord a view of the grand river. This soon changes to scenes less wild and picturesque, for the road here makes its way through extensive sugar plantations, and for miles we may see nothing but the uncut acres of the succulent cane that yields the N. O. molasses of commerce and the material for the sugar trust.

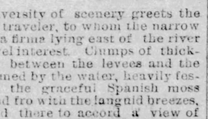
At Saxonholm is a beautiful old typical manor house partially hidden beneath the dense shade of the giant live oaks laden with the ever present gray green moss. A grove of magnolia trees make the air pregnant with perfume, orange trees with yellow fruit are temptingly near, and a row of tall bayonet cacti stand sentry-like along the front. After Saxonholm came the great green oceans of waving cane,



with the horizon crowned by the sugar mill, the planter's house and the rows of cabins for the negroes. Here, "befo' the wah" were lively times but ily imitated in these degenerated days. Of the decadence of the sugar industry is everywhere visible in deserted mills and neglected plantations. New processes have replaced the old, and, wherever feasible, labor saving machinery has replaced the hands of the black men whose numbers are thinning year by year. Newly imported Italians are now worked in gangs in the cane fields, when cutting time comes, and on the affiliation of foreign white labor with the work so long performed by blacks alone, appears to be the great hope of the planters.

The great sugar house of the "Land of Promise" plantation, stands near by the railroad, and it showed signs of active preparation for grinding. Black smoke poured from the chimney and black men were scouring the machinery for sugar making. The cutting of the cane on this plantation, and as the juicy crop was harvested and hauled away, plows followed after to prepare the ground for the succeeding season. Groups of negroes, laughing and talking glibly, waiting for their real labor to begin, were seen at every stop, and many were passengers bound to other plantations.

When the eye becomes weary of the cane fields, relief is found in the lower land whereon are the great rice plantations, the first indication of which are the groups of peculiarly shaped straw stacks. Threshing was in progress in many places, and while the white grain is bagged to be shipped to market, the straw is neatly stacked on platforms, to be kept for feeding to stock or to be ultimately thrown into the river and sent seaward.



The lower lands, that cannot be used for sugar cane, are planted in rice, and by a system of ditches and flood gates the land is submerged as required.

Placquemines parish includes all that land (and water, I was about to add) lying between the east bank of the Mississippi river and lake Borgne and the Gulf, from New Orleans down to the mouth of the river—over a hundred miles. This is a good length for a county, but its width narrows by degrees until it tapers off into a point of marsh down in the delta somewhere. A large portion of the parish is under water, and none of it is far above, all being lower than the river levee, and flat as a pancake.

After having nearly five hours on the way we came in sight of a white church and a grave yard. Fifty miles of sugar and rice made even a cemetery seem welcome as a relief—to the sight not to life, of course. As I suspected we might be nearing a town I called the black fireman to me and asked him confidentially what place we were approaching.

"It's Cou't House, sah."

Then I went over to a white fellow passenger and told him that I wanted more information.

"It is the seat of the parish," said he, "and is called Point a la Heche, meaning 'point to the axe,' but most people call it Court House."

Point a la Hash—that is the way he pronounced it, and as he lives in Louisiana he knows—a very appropriate name for an eating station. This reverie was interrupted by our arrival at "Court House," a small village with brick houses. Twenty minutes later we had gone three and a half miles further and disembarked at, not in, Bohemia. REAM.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

We have always plumed ourselves upon our advanced civilization, feeling that we might well be a law unto all nations, but in the matter of dress some of the leading American ladies, prominent among whom is Mrs Cleveland, have been moved to remonstrate with the Japanese women about their contemplated design of giving up their beautiful, artistic and healthful dress in order to adopt the American or European costume. An open letter has been addressed to them stating the opinion of the writers that from the standpoint of beauty, grace and suitability (the letter goes on), the Japanese dress, modelled after the best Japanese standards, is both elegant and refined, and it would take years for Japanese ladies to adapt to themselves and wear with equal grace a costume to which they are entirely unaccustomed. As to economy, European dress, with its ample skirts and trimmings, requires a large amount of material, and even if native stuffs are used the expense of the costume will be greatly increased, to say nothing of the change and expenditure in household furniture necessary if Western dress be adopted. Foreign carpets, chairs, and tables must be added to foreign dress and shoes, and Japanese household interiors, now held up to the world as models of grace, simplicity and harmony, will have to be entirely remodeled. The subject of health is also touched upon and a protest entered against the adoption of the corset. Now what will the Japanese women do about it?

THERE is not much doubt but that the women of the Eastern country will regret the change if they make it, since it is almost the universal experience of our countrywomen who have, for any reason, adopted a loose costume which did not offer any obstacle in the way of unimpeded motion, and then returned to civilized (?) attire, that they felt extremely uncomfortable. Here is what a Vassar graduate, who went out to live upon a Western ranch and came home on a visit, said to a New York *Mail* reporter:

"I've made my own bread, sometimes first carrying the wheat to mill. I've built my own fires, sometimes first cutting the wood I was to burn. I've ridden my own pony, oftener than not bareback, when baby strayed from the door and I had to scour the brush before he wandered too far away. I've fetched water and bu lt fence, and laughed at work because I made my own gowns. I cast off long skirts for all work-day occasions as soon as I got outside the towns. I've worn no drapery below my knees for so long a time that I feel awkward and helpless as a baby, trying to sit about in parlors in the garb of civilization. I tried to ride in the park this morning, but I turned co ward and gave it up, one's seat is so uncomfortable on a side saddle. I might learn to make holiday in long skirts again, but I could not keep house, not if we all went without our dinners."

What have Toledo housekeepers to say to this?

At last I had met her, could know and admire
The maid he professed to adore;
But now he glared savagely into the fire,
And begged me to name her no more.
"Why, I thought you considered her perfect," said I.
"From her head to the tips of her toes?"
"So I did," he replied, "when I thought of her 'ayc,'
But I changed on account of her 'nose.'"
—*Life.*

THE merry-go round, Aunt Sallys, and weighing machines are a familiar sight to all American fair goers, but the Germans have a contrivance at the Brussels exposition, which is novel enough to attract notice, even from those well versed in the mysteries of the roller coaster. It is called the "centrifugal barrel," and has become a popular form of amusement among the visitors to the exposition. The contrivance consists of a cask in which the occupants are firmly secured, and after they are well strapped in their places, they are rolled about, revolving rapidly around the axis of the cask, the women shrieking and the children screaming, but at the same time enjoying themselves. It is difficult to understand what pleasure can be obtained from rolling around in this promiscuous fashion. As a general thing people are not fond of standing on their heads, and in this form of amusement one is as likely to be in that position as on their heels. However, the venture has proved a financial success, which is a recommendation that the human mind has found some merit in it, but it is not likely that the contrivance will ever find much favor in American eyes.

THE fact of "What fools these mortals be" is constantly given forcible illustration by some one. One young woman has recently distinguished herself in that character and is now mourning over the results of her folly. She was the possessor of a very handsome face but the greatest charm lay in her beautiful eyes. They were blue as a summer sky and as brilliant as the stars. However, this fair maiden was not contented with the gifts the Gods bestowed and endeavored to enhance the brilliancy of her orbs by the use of different drugs recommended for that purpose. Several concoctions were tried until at last she found something that made her eyes shine like diamonds. She persisted in its use until one day she discovered something was wrong with her eyesight. Of course the use of the drug was discontinued at once and an oculist consulted, but it was too late. The sight of one eye was entirely gone and the eye itself so shrivelled as to be unsightly. The other eye is in danger and its beauty gone while the young woman is left to reflect upon the folly of her way. It is not an uncommon practice to drop a little bella donna into the eyes to render them more brilliant or to eat lumps of sugar saturated in cologne for the same purpose. But after all there is no such beautifier in existence as perfect health and a contented mind.

IT would seem from the latest fad in moustaches that the masculine mind is not above using artificial means of beautifying themselves. The bleached moustache is quite the newest thing among the gilded youth, and it is not uncommon to see a man with raven locks and a lovely blonde moustache. It is an easy matter to transform a fiery red moustache to a golden hue. A blonde beard is very fashionable nowadays, in fact there seems to be as great a rage for blonde men as there was for blonde women a short time ago. It is claimed that the bleach is as injurious as the black hair dye. Still if it is fashionable, doubtless the masculine mind will rise above any fear of injury and carry out to the fullest extent this "latest rad."

THE people of the United States use annually about 400,000,000 postal cards, or seven postal cards for every man, woman and child. There is only one postal card factory in the country, and this is run in connection with a large paper mill. Of course the materials of which the cards are composed, start out, or rather in, as rags, and come out the whitey brown cardboard, which is soon transposed into postal cards and sent all over the United States. The enormous number that are used are printed, cut apart, counted and wrapped up in packages of 25 by machinery that would easily stand in a small bed room, and that requires no assistance or attention other than to be well supplied with paper, ink and paste. There is a never-ending controversy as to whether postal cards should be used outside of the business world, but while the matter hangs fire the cards still remain in favor and are one of the greatest conveniences provided by Uncle Sam.

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What a Convict's Sentence Should Be.

A convict should be sent to prison and hard labor, not for a definite arbitrary term, but until he is so changed in his habits that he is fit to take his place in the world again. If that were done and society understood it, a released man would not find the doors of employment and sympathy shut against him as he does now, for he would come out with a certificate of integrity, industry and intelligence. If he is so debased as not to be able to be changed in his habits and practices by any discipline, however long continued, then the prison is the place for him for life. We can do little to reduce the number of the criminal class till we come to this conclusion.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in November Forum.*

This Settles It.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Lack of votes
Free Trade
Biffy candidacy
Knifing
Lord Sackville
The landslide
M. S. Quay
Brice's rainbow
General Harrison
Protection
} Caused Cleveland's Defeat.

A procession of the London cabs would stretch 45 miles. There is only public standing room for 43 miles of them. The other 22 miles of them have to go wandering about the streets.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Recommended by Physicians
of all schools for the brain, nerves and stomach.

OUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Directions for Making It a Meet Dish for Thanksgiving — How to Improve the Drumsticks, Utilize the Giblets.

As there are so many people who are not familiar with the best method of preparing poultry for the table, I will give minute directions. Pick out the pinfeathers and singe the hairs and down over blazing paper. Then wash the skin of the turkey thoroughly in warm water in which a little soda has been dissolved. It is better to do this before the bird has been cut. The drumstick of a turkey is greatly improved by removing the tendons, which always become hard and horny in baking. Cut carefully through the skin below the leg joint, but do not cut the tendons; bend the leg at the cut by pressing it on the edge of the table and break off the bone. Then pull out the tendons one at a time with the fingers; or all at once by putting the foot of the fowl against the casing of a door that opens toward you, then pressing the door hard against the foot and pulling on the leg. The tendons will come out attached to the foot, but if they are once cut they can never be removed. There is an advantage in breaking the leg below instead of at the joint, as the ends of the bones afford more length for trussing, and, after roasting, this is easily broken off, leaving a clean, unburned joint for the table.

Cut off the head. Slip the skin back from the neck and cut the neck off halfway down, or close to the body if you prefer, but always leave the skin longer than the neck, so it may be folded over on the back. Remove the wind-pipe and turn the skin over; pull the crop away from the neck and break it off close to the opening into the body. If the bird be not drawn at the market, make a circular cut around the vent to free the end of the intestine. Cut out the oil bag in the tail. Make a horizontal incision through the skin one inch above the vent, end wide enough to insert the two fingers. Keep the fingers close to the breast bone until you can reach in beyond the gizzard and heart, and loosen the membranes on either side down toward the back. Then draw out the whole mass, and afterward remove the lungs, which lie close to the ribs, and the soft brown kidneys found in the hollow of the back.

Wash the bird quickly in warm soda water and then in cold water and wipe dry. Washing does not mean soaking in a pan of water, but a quick rubbing all over and rinsing.

Place the fowl in a deep bowl and put in the stuffing at the end of the neck until the breast is filled round and plump. Draw the neck skin together at the end and sew it over on the back. Put the remainder of the stuffing into the body at the other opening. Use enough to fill in lightly.

The best and most wholesome stuffing is made by crumbling the soft inside of a loaf of stale bread; moisten the crumbs slightly with melted butter and season with salt, pepper and thyme. The steam from the fowl will furnish sufficient moisture, and the stuffing will be light and delicate instead of soggy, raw and heavy.

Draw the thighs close to the body and put a long skewer through the thigh into the body and out through the opposite thigh. If the incision be made as directed the ends of the drumstick may be put through the opening and out at the vent, and then fastened to the tail with a skewer or with twine; but if made in the usual way across the drumsticks over the tail. Turn the tips of the wings back and keep them in position close to the body (not up on the breast) by running a skewer through one wing, under the breast and out through the other wing. Wind a string from the tail to the skewer in the thigh, then up the back to the one in the wing, across the back to the other wing, then down to the opposite thigh and tie firmly to the tail.

Put the turkey on a dripping pan, rub well with butter, salt and flour. Put it into a hot oven for five minutes or until the flour begins to color; then reduce the heat and add a pint of water. Melt one-quarter cupful of hot water and baste with it often, until some of the fat of the turkey has been drawn out into the pan; or spread a piece of clean paper with soft butter and lay it over the turkey. When the paper is dry and brown lay on another piece, and when this is dry baste with the dripping and add more water as it boils away. Baste often, and when half done dredge again with flour, to give the outside a frothy appearance. Cook the turkey slowly after the first slight browning, and quicken the fire the last half hour if the bird be not sufficiently brown. An eight or ten pound turkey will cook in two or three hours. It is done if the thigh seems tender when pierced with a small fork, and appears as if it would separate easily from the body.

Remove the turkey to a small pan and keep it warm while you make the gravy. Pour off nearly all the fat from the dripping pan. The water will be nearly if not wholly gone. Set the pan on the stove, and stir two tablespoonfuls of dry flour into the fat. Scrape off all the brown fat that has adhered to the edges, and add more flour till the fat is all absorbed. When the fat and flour are brown, and not until then, add gradually boiling water till it thickens, at first it will seem as if the fat and flour would separate, but continue to add boiling water; stir constantly and you will soon have a smooth, brown gravy, free from grease. Add more salt, and strain it before serving. Heat the chopped giblets in a little of the water in which they are boiled, and add half of the gravy. Serve the remainder of the gravy plain.

TO CLEAN THE GIBLETS.

Slip off the thin membrane round the heart and cut out the veins and arteries. Remove the liver, and cut off all that looks green near the gall bladder, carefully not to break it. Trim the fat and membranes from the gizzard; cut through the thick part, open it and remove the inner lining without breaking. Cut off all the white gristle, and also only the the thick, fleshy part. Rinse them all in cold water, then put them into fresh cold water and simmer until tender. The necks and tips of the wings are often cooked with the giblets.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Paradoxes of Science—Water Which Quenches Makes the Fiercest Heat.

When the big fire was raging in Brooklyn the other day, and the firemen were extinguishing it with floods of water, one could not help thinking of the paradoxes of science which shows us that water makes the greatest heat known. *Blackwood's Magazine* says of these paradoxes:

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which when fired from a musket carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystalized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions as the gas with which we daily light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect.

The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts very slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

—Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

The Latest Irish Bull.

Among the true stories of this week is that of an Irish witness's evidence in a London Police court, who has perpetrated as fine a specimen of the Irish bull as the literature of Hibernicisms will afford. It was a question of revolver shooting, and the witness was called upon to give details of the attempt made upon him by his assailant.

"You made a judicious bob when the prisoner fired the revolver?" said the advocate.

"Faith I did, sir," answered Paddy. "What do you think? Isn't it better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all your lifetime?"

THOSE ACHES down your Back and through your Limbs MEAN RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA OR KINDRED ILLS. St Jacobs Oil Cures by DRUGGISTS & DEALERS: THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO., MD.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

"BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Seeing in the BLADE your request for articles for the CAMP FIRE, I send this song thinking it may be acceptable for publication in your columns. —M. V. SLATEY, Appleton, Wis.

The rebels Fort Sumter were storming,
And treason's rag flaunting in glee;
Secession's battalions were forming
To humble the stars of the free.
But up sprang each brave Northern ranger;
The swords of their fathers they drew
When Freedom's fair land was in danger,
'Twas saved by our brave boys in blue.

Chorus—'Twas saved by our brave boys in blue!
'Twas saved by our brave boys in blue,
When Freedom's fair land was in danger,
'Twas saved by our brave boys in blue!

When foes sought our land's desolation,
Brave hearts of the Northland proved loyal;
And vowed 'neath the flag of their nation
The plans of the traitors to foil,
And o'er the battle's dark cattle,
Though smoke hid their forms from our view,
Each gun seemed to echo in battle
The oath of our brave boys in blue.

The whole world, to-day, knows the story,
How well fought those warriors of old
On many a battle-field gory,
Our stripes and bright stars to upheld.
In prison-damps, fetters were unbended,
To their enemy those heroes were true;
Though they suffered, thank God! they succeeded,
Hurrah for our brave boys in blue.

THE COMMON NERVOUS TROUBLES OF OLD SOLDIERS.

The CAMP FIRE is in receipt of a lecture on the above topic, delivered before the Northern Kansas Medical society, by Dr. H. P. Porter, late assistant surgeon 7th, and surgeon 10th Connecticut volunteers, of Oneida, Kansas. From it we make the following extracts:

Why is it that the ex-soldier's hand trembles? Why is his gait unsteady? Why these failures of memory and will power? Why is he so sensitive to thermal changes or why, I should have said, this permanent unbalancing of the heat regulating mechanism of the soldier's body? Why is it that he is so often disqualified for making the best possible adjustment or even an average adjustment to his surroundings? Why does he so often fall behind his competitors in the struggle for existence? Why this tendency to mendacity so heartlessly mentioned in a recent issue of a leading daily paper? What is the cause of these aches and pains that he will persist in calling rheumatic? Why that stiffness when attempting to move himself? What has become of his ability to make fine mental and muscular adjustments? Why, in short, did the ex-soldier age young?

Men think, reason, remember, will and act by reason of their having a nervous system and it is to state a very simple truth when we say that defect of function always follows a defect of nerve structure. The converse is also true that when the nervous system functions defectively it is evidence of a defect within itself, and when it functions defectively for long periods of time the defect is undoubtedly structural. The life of our soldiers of the late war was one continuous hardship on the nervous system. It was characterized by continuous discomfort to the body in general and the nervous system in particular. One of the prominent factors in the deterioration of the soldier's nervous system was loss of his regular sleep in a comfortable bed. The wear and tear of the soldier's organism was never compensated for during the circumstances of war never could have been) by adequate rest and refreshments.

The structure of the nervous system is delicate and complex beyond all other things—it cannot be abused with impunity, although long intervals of time may exist betwixt the infliction of the injury and the after effects that never fail to follow if life is sufficiently prolonged.

These nervous defects did originate in the service of the United States, and in the line of duty, and they are pensionable under existing laws; but what does the pensioner know about neuro pathology? He knows that he tires readily when engaged at manual labor that a sound man performs with ease; that his head (as he expresses it) gives out and that sometimes he is not well; being unversed in medical nomenclature he is at a loss to give a name to his ailments and consequently cannot in many cases go to work properly and lay the foundation of a well-deserved pension claim.

Dr. Stearns, of Lynn, Mass., has suggested the word "neurokinesis" to express in brief the common nervous troubles of ex-soldiers. It would seem that Neurokinesis, meaning "a shaking up of of the nervous system," should be applied to the cause of these troubles, and that neutral atrophy would better express the present conditions as we find them in these cases to-day. These nervous defects are the outcome of a permanently and (as a rule with but few, very few, exceptions) incurably diseased nervous system. There is a physical basis beneath all of these defects of function. Before leaving this subject I desire to call your attention to the date of origin of these nervous defects of the veterans of the late war. They are the outcome of the sum total of all of the hardships experienced by the soldier while in the service of the United States and in the line of duty during all of the years, months and days of said service as shown upon the muster rolls containing their war records and which are now on file in the war department of the United States.

No country can afford to treat its brave men grudgingly, and no generous man would object to the pensioning of these disabilities. The common nervous troubles of old soldiers are the legitimate sequelæ of the degradation of nerve structure that that had its origin in the "neurokinesis" of battle, in the tiresome watches of sleepless nights, in exposures to thermal extremes in the ever varying vicissitudes of climate. They came of malarial saturation; they were born in prison pens, while Infinite Mercy slept. Andersonville was fruitful of causation in the direction—Andersonville, over which God for some inscrutable reason spread a pall that was impervious to prayer—they only need be looked for to be found and they should be rec

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, not for publication, but as a guaranty that the writer will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or requests to determine the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are published for the benefit of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Publishing a Book.

N. B. W., Hillsboro, O.:

Give all the proceedings in the publication of a book, from the preparation of the manuscript to the obtaining of a copyright.

Write your manuscript in a clear, legible hand, on one side of a sheet of paper, leaving the other side blank. This is necessary, as the printer reads the copy in pages, or "takes," which could not be properly numbered if written on both sides, and in the distribution among a large number of types would result in confusion and error, in emptying the matter on the galleys after it was set up. Number all the pages of your manuscript, such as paragraphs, chapters, etc., and words in italics by drawing a line beneath them; also capital letters and words by two lines; small caps, and three for regular capitals. Having prepared and revised your manuscript, until it is perfect as you can make it, you proceed to your publisher and present the manuscript. The publisher causes it promptly to be read by one or more of your work, but submits it to a professional copy reader, who passes upon it. If it is accepted, the publisher bargains for its purchase, either paying you a stated sum for the manuscript or a royalty or percentage on the number of copies sold. You have nothing to do with the copyright, and the manuscript becomes the property of the publisher and it his business to procure copyright and title to the work. The manuscript first goes to the reviser, who corrects the matter to suit the publisher, thence to the printer, thence to the proof-reader, and then back to the printers where the proofs are carefully corrected. The pages are then struck off on power presses, bound together in sheets, the covers, and the book is ready for the market. Advance copies are sent to the leading newspapers for review and upon the whims and fancies of their critics depends the success of the production.

The Area of the Earth.

H. C. R., Dayton, O.:

What is the area of the earth, and how is it divided, and is the area of water more than the area of land?

From a careful estimate of the different subdivisions of the land surface, the area of the islands included in that of the nearest continents, together with sub-divisions of the oceans, the following summarized table is made for the benefit of readers of the QUESTION BUREAU:

DIVISIONS.	Area in thousands of square miles.*	Per cent of surface	Population in millions.†	Per cent of population	Population per square mile.	Per cent of population.
Arctic Ocean	4632	2.3	.....	.....	.....	.....
Antarctic Ocean	8108	4.1	.....	.....	.....	.....
Atlantic	38612	19.8	.....	.....	.....	.....
Indian	26256	13.5	.....	.....	.....	.....
Pacific	66799	34.0	.....	.....	.....	.....
Theflve oceans	144407	73.3	.....	.....	.....	.....
Europe	3864	2.0	347	90	89	23.4
Asia	12124	6.1	787	16	65	13.3
Africa	10217	5.2	789	47	77	53.2
Australia	4247	2.2	38	9	9	2.6
N. America	9035	4.6	80	8.8	8.8	5.4
S. America	7066	3.6	32	4.6	4.6	2.1
Fiveland parts	52350	26.7	1483	29.2	100.	
Total	196957	100.				

*196,957 in the total area indicates 196,957,000.

†1,483 aggregate population denotes 1,483,000,000.

The Sabbath.

MRS. W. P., Nauvoo, Pa.:

Please tell me when, why and by whom was the Sabbath changed from the seventh to the first day of the week?

The recognition of the Sabbath differs with the various sects. Those who keep the first day of the week as Sabbath argue that there is no proof that the Jewish count actually began on the seventh day from the creation and their liberation from bondage, so christians may observe it weekly on the day when the resurrection of the Messiah took place. The exact substitution of the first for the seventh day of the week as the day for the proper observance of the Sabbath is not known. At first the Christians looked both the seventh and the first. The change as to the proper substitution of the first for the seventh was early made and is now recognized as either binding or prudential by most Christian communities.

To Preserve Meat.

G. L., Fairbury, Neb.:

1. I would like a good recipe for pickling down beef. 2. Also a recipe for drying beef.

1. A good pickle for beef or pork will be found in the following: Brown sugar, half pint; salt, common salt, each two pounds; saltpetre, ½ pound; water, 1 gallon. Boil gently and remove the scum. Another meat pickle is made with 12 pounds salt, 2 pounds sugar or molasses, ½ pound saltpetre, and sufficient water to dissolve it. To dry fresh meat, cut the flesh into slices from two to six ounces in weight, immerse a small portion at a time in boiling water enough to cover the meat, and adding fresh water only to keep the liquid up to its original quantity. Lay the meat to dry on open trellis work in a drying stove for about two days. When the flesh is perfectly dry, dip it, piece by piece, in the gelatinous matter liquefied by a gentle heat, and replace it in the stove to dry, repeating this varnishing and drying two or three times so as to get the coating uniformly thick. Meat thus dried will keep good for a year.

Be Sure You Are Right.

S., Stevens, Belmore, O.:

In the BLADE, a few weeks ago, you said that the electoral vote of New Jersey was divided between Lincoln and Douglass in 1860. In this weeks' BLADE you say Lincoln got four and Douglass three. How is that? I say, that the state only had seven votes at that time. Bell and Everett got four (they were the candidates on the American ticket,) and Douglass got three. Your authority is wrong and I know it from memory.

Before you attempt to correct the answers in the QUESTION BUREAU, it would be well to know what you are talking about. You are in error. We have the official returns from New Jersey, taken from the very best authority in the country. We again reiterate that the electoral vote of New Jersey for 1860 gave Lincoln four votes and Douglass three. The popular vote for Lincoln was 58,324, Douglass 62,801.

Spurious Coins.

H. A. B., Bay City, Mich.:

Insert in your next issue the value below described coin, if you know, and oblige: Copper coin, small size, milled edge, date of 25c piece; word Cæsar and other letters too rough to make out; one side standing woman, on one side of woman pic, on other side ava; on edge pontuxtrpoteos III. —. I have shown it to some, and they say it is not genuine, but I think it is, as it looks real, say three or four centuries. Cannot make out date.

Your coin may be an old Roman piece. There is much doubt about the originality of old coins in these days. Enterprising venders in old coins in New York manufacture large quantities of fac similies and by a certain process give to them a look of age. These are palmed off on the public, and hundreds of them are in circulation. So perfect are these counterfeits that it is almost impossible to designate them from the genuine.

Lost in the Woods.

F. C. W., Winnebago, Ill.:

Will you please answer this question for an old subscriber. Why is it that a person is apt to get lost in the woods or on a prairie will always walk in a circle?

It is not always the case. Men who understand the signs of nature, such as the directions of the sun, the growth on the north side of trees, etc., though losing a trail will follow a certain direction. The habit of traveling in a circle is rather the exception than the rule. The man who travels in a circle is either right or left handed and swings one arm with more force than the other thus, swaying the body gradually to the right or left as the case may be.

Miscellaneous.

L. C. Fuller, Ames, Kan.:

Your friends are wrong. The opposite is the case.

M. A. G., Washington, Kan.: The value of old coins have been given in the QUESTION BUREAU. Read answer on this subject last week.

R. P. C., Raleigh, Ill.:

The statement is not true.

B. & C., Dincoln, Neb.:

Write to Gunn & Co., claims attorneys, London, England.

S. K. F., Perrysburg, O.: Address your query to the acting land commissioner, Washington, D. C.

F. L. H., Strawberry, Kan.:

Your questions have been discussed fully in the QUESTION BUREAU.

J. P. L., Iowa City, Ia.:

We have published full particulars of the Avondale colliery disaster.

M. E., Denison, Tex.:

Read the rules. We cannot answer questions regarding the liability of firms.

H. M. Haley, Pauline, Mo.:

Refer back to the September numbers, and you will find the desired formula in the QUESTION BUREAU.

Subscriber, Mingana, Kan.:

1. Are the scenes, customs, etc., described in "The Talisman," historfeally correct?

2. And is the story founded on fact?

1. Yes. 2. On history.

MRS. W. W. B., Pitts x Roads, Tenn.:

The Sandusky Soldiers and Sailors Home has been in process of construction for the past two years, and is rapidly advancing toward completion. It was opened for occupation last week and will accommodate nearly 2,000 inmates.

M. A. S., Belle Prairie, Ill.:

We have published a biographical sketch of Henry W. Longfellow.

Fred M., Poplar Grove, Ill.:

Your attention is called to the answer last week entitled "Old Coin Market."

G. W. C., Toledo, O.:

Consult advertising columns. Dobson, the banjo manufacturer, is also a teacher.

R. C. Martin, Gypsum, Kan.:

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send me the song entitled the "Cowboy's Lament."

J. P. Adams, White Rock, Tex.:

Address your letter descriptive of ancient bible to the Astor Library, New York City.

C. B. S. Edina, Mo.:

See QUESTION BUREAU first week in September, for description of West Point Military academy.

M. B., North Topeka, Kan.:

The electoral vote of Douglass fell below his popular vote because his electors voted for other candidates.

J. Marion, Kan.:

See back number of QUESTION BUREAU, during month of September for recipe for making couch varnish.

E. C. McG., Marshall, Tex.:

Your question concerning Presidential electors is answered in the editorial article in the Weekly BLADE of Nov. 15—4th page, 3d column—headed "The Electoral College."

H. D. E., Abingdon, Ill.:

Does the company of Cincinnati control the markets of the United States?

No. The Standard Oil Company controls the the production of oil and the markets of the United states and the world.

W. E., East Cahoteh, Mich.:

Will you please tell me who acted as President of the United States, March 4, 1849, and March 4, 1877.

In 1849, Zachary Taylor qualified March 5. In 1877, Rutherford B. Hayes qualified March 5.

C. J., Poturis, Kan.

Does the United States government offer any reward for the discovery of perpetual motion; if so how much?

No. Perpetual motion, in the sense of a machine that will create power, is a mechanical impossibility, and there is no reward offered for it by anybody.

J. W. F., Belvoir, Kan.:

By what majority was Grover Cleveland elected governor of New York? Please also send majority for same through the columns of your paper.

Cleveland's plurality in 1882 was 192,854. From authentic election returns published in American Almanac, 1883.

N. C. H., Beebe, Ark.:

Your query about bread-making should have been sent to the HOUSEHOLD, and the others, as to keeping potatoes, and a cure for weevil, to the FARM. Questions pertaining to household economy and to farming and gardening are not answered here, because we have separate departments devoted to them.

F. M. E., Elkhart, Ind.:

All the notices of books given in the "Recent Literature" columns, on the second page of the Weekly BLADE, give the name of the publishers, and their address. Any one desiring further information should write directly to them, mentioning the fact that they saw the notice of the book in the BLADE.

Mrs. E. J. H., Ashland, Ill.:

Will you please tell me if a man has no children by his present wife, but has some by a former marriage, if the husband dies without a will, what part of the property will the present wife hold?

It depends upon the law in your own state. Consult a lawyer. We are not familiar with the Illinois statutes.

D. E. Lowell, Lane Park, Fla.

Is there not a national law that applies to each state, that compels all foreigners to be in the United States for two years before they can vote in a national election?

A foreigner must be three years in this country before he can take out naturalization papers, and two years after taking out his first papers he can vote.

U. C., Shell Knob, Mo.:

1. Does the tariff have anything to do with our local tax? 2. How long will it take to pay the National debt if it is paid as it becomes due? 3. Will some of the BLADE readers send me a receipt for making paints for records, mottoes, etc?

1. No. 2. It depends upon the policy pursued by the government. 3. Consult your local dealer in artists' materials.

H. L., Naples, Dak.:

Please inform me through the BLADE whether there are any newspapers published in Montevideo or Buenos Ayres, South America, and give the names and address of each.

Two English daily newspapers are published at Buenos Ayres—the Buenos Ayres *Herald* and the *Standard*. There is also a weekly paper—the *Southern Cross*.

Dr. W. M. S., High Point, Mo.:

1. How much extra clothing is any person allowed to bring from Europe without paying duty on same? 2. What class of people pay most duties, the laborer or bondholder?

1. He is allowed a reasonable number of suits which have been worn before crossing the ocean, but customs officials generally use their judgment and discretion in the matter. 2. The bondholder, as his wealth enables him to import a larger amount of goods.

G. C. Y., Republic, Mo.

How should I make an application for the office of postmaster?

Get the citizens of your town to sign a petition recommending you for the the position. Send it to the Congressman from your district and ask him to present your claims to the President, who, if satisfied that you are the right man for the office will nominate you for the position. The United States Senate will then either confirm or reject your nomination.

Anna M. K., South Salem:

Will you please give an account of the standing army of the United States. I looked through all the BLADE'S we have, thinking I would find something about it, but could not. Please state where location, how large, etc.

The regular army of the United States is supposed to be 25,000 men, stationed at the various forts throughout the country. It is 1,800 short of that number at the present time. Last year there were 2,238 desertions. During the year there were 24,710 applications for enlistment, 18,017 of whom were rejected. The accepted recruits embraced 727 colored, 4,136 natives, and 2,557 foreigners.

J. H. G., Doniphan, Mo.:

1. What day of the year does Thanksgiving come on next year? 2. Is Hayti a negro state? 3. Is the sun nearer the earth in winter or summer?

1. Thanksgiving comes upon the 29th of November. The origin of the day you will find elsewhere in this week's BLADE. 2. The negro population are endeavoring to establish a permanent government, but at the present time the whole population is engaged in a revolutionary war. 1. The sun is nearer the earth in December, and farthest in June.

Wm. K. Shelbyville, Tenn.:

1. Please inform me whether the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is a National or social concern. 2. Whether appointments to offices are issued and if so, who has that authority?

1. The society was organized by Henry Bergh in New York city by private subscription. He afterwards secured legislative recognition for it. 2. The officers are appointed by the directors of the society. The office is corner of Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, New York City.

C. G. M., San Francisco, Cal.:

1. Please give a sketch of the lives of Fisk and Brooks, Presidential candidates of the Prohibition party, and state what part, if any, did they take in the late civil war? 2. Please give the names, date and place of execution of the two men Grover Cleveland hung?

1. A sketch of Fisk and Brooks would not be of interest now that the campaign is over. 2. Two men were hung in Buffalo, N. Y., during his term of office when sheriff of Niagara county. He did not hang the men himself but hired a substituto.

A. S., Pipersville, Pa.:

1. Name the twelve leading Republican and also the twelve leading Democratic newspapers in the United States. 2. Why did not Congressmen Samuel J. Randall and William H. Sowden vote for the Mills bill?

1. The leading Republican newspapers are the New York Tribune, Philadelphia Ledger, Baltimore American, Washington Republic, Toledo BLADE, Cleveland Leader, Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Chicago Tribune, San Francisco Chronicle, Kansas City Journal, Buffalo Express, St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Democratic papers—New York World, New York Sun, Baltimore Sun, Charleston News and Courier, Cincinnati Enquirer, Chicago Times, Philadelphia Press, Louisville Courier-Journal, San Franeco Examiner, St. Louis Republic, Kansas City Times. 2. Because they believe that protection is the best policy, in spite of the cry of their party for free trade.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, and instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of **Ayer's Pills.** Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from **Ayer's Pills.** Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried." — T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used **Ayer's Pills** for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache,

from which I was long a sufferer. — Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again." — A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction." — Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

M. M. B., New Wilmington, Pa.:

We cannot publish the perpetual calendar owing to limited space. You can find it in the American Almanac.

"Sue," Newport, Kan.:

Your question on glossing shirt fronts is handed to the HOUSEHOLD editor. No such queries should be sent to this department.

Charles F. W., Kenny, Ill.:

Please inform me through the BLADE what time the President of the United States takes his seat.

March 4th, 1889.

H. K. W, Erie, Ill.:

Read item on old coin market in last week's BUREAU. The books are of no especial value, except to some person who has a mania for gathering ancient literature.

R. S. B., Bloomfield, Mo.:

I see in the BLADE of the 15th inst., where one B. S. B., Bloomfield, Mo., wants to know if any one could produce the poem of Alexander Selkirk. If he will write me I will send it to him.—V. R. DOCKERY, Caneyville, Ky.

P. V., Sherwood, O.:

Please tell me which signed the most private pension bills, Cleveland or Hayes, up to November 6, 1888.

Cleveland, simply from the fact that there was an increased pension legislation during his administration.

C. W. McK., Salina, Cal.:

Birds and small animals cannot be petrified except by nature. They are generally stuffed in order to keep their natural appearance after life is extinct. Send to San Francisco, A. Bancroft & Co., and get a book on the taxidermist's art.

W. H. D., Warren, Pa.:

1. If a Republican elector after being elected to vote for the Republican nominees votes for the Democratic nominees, would his vote be counted for the Democrat? 2. Also, would he transgress the law in doing so?

1. Yes. 2. No.

W. H. N., Mandeville, Mo.:

1. Please tell me what was the politics of Chas. Guiteau, the assassin of James A. Garfield. 2. What was the politics of Booth, the assassin of Lincoln?

1. Said to be Republican. He was an irresponsible crank and his political predilections were not of any moment. 2. He was in sympathy with the rebel cause and a Democrat.

A. D. F., Hannibal, O.:

Do the Republicans of Michigan oppose the prohibitory amendment after submitting it to the people, or is this a "third party" campaign lie?

The Republican majority in the legislature submitted the amendment to the popular vote, and as a party did not oppose it after submission.

C. B. Greensburg, Pa.:

Will some one please tell me through the columns of the BLADE, until how long after marriage it is considered proper to congratulate a couple?

It is optional. If a friend of the contracting parties meets them for the first time months after the marriage ceremony it would be proper to congratulate them.

Hindoostanee, Deposit, N. Y.:

A bets B $50 Harrison will be elected; B bets Cleveland will be elected. Are either entitled to vote, and if challenged could they swear it in?

Under the laws of New York state, they would both lose their vote, also the stakeholder of the bet could be challenged, and shown to be a party to the bet. See your statutes.

Fred L., Wight City, Mo.:

1. On which finger is it customary for a gentleman, who is neither engaged nor married, to wear a ring? 2. Is the engagement ring ever worn on the middle finger of the left hand by a lady? If not, why not?

1. It is not in the best taste for a gentleman ever to wear a ring. If he does, nothing but a seal ring, worn on the left hand—preferably the little finger. 2. Not generally. It looks awkward and decidedly indicates bad taste.

G. W. O., Osterburg, Pa.:

1. Was there ever a tax, directly or indirectly imposed on the people to aid in the construction of railroads? 2. Do the railroads of the state of Georgia belong to corporations, or are they owned by the state and rented to the corporations? 3. In what ways are the revenues of the states raised for the expenses of the government?

1. No. The government granted subsidies to the Pacific railroads out of money collected from the people by taxation. 2. Corporations own them. 3. By taxation.

THE best instruction is given by mail at student's home, in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., by Bryant's College, 447 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

READY FOR SALT RIVER.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
What are they going to do?
The boat is now ready, the breezes are steady,
So gather your tackle, old Grover, and travel!
Get out with your racket. The Salt River packet
Is waiting for you and your crew.

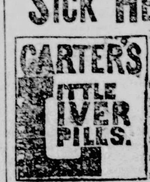
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Pray tell what can the matter be?
Grover must bid us good bye!
The craft is now going, the chill air is blowing,
The bandana flag of old Thurman is o'er them,
We bid you a good bye now, old fisherman Grover,
With free trade, forever, good bye!

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Grover and Allen, good bye!
Hark! cornet and drumming, Republicans coming,
Just as we expected, our Ben is elected!
The star spangled banner, and not the bandana,
The flag of our country shall be.
Henryville, Ind. L. B. GUERNSEY.

Burned to the Ground.

MARION, Ala., Nov. 26.—The Judson Female institute has burned. Loss $100,000, insurance $25,000.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

FREE AT LAST.

With a World of Wonders Before Him—How a Man Felt After Being in Prison Thirty-Three Years.

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

So Byron wrote of the prisoner chained one thousand feet above the "massy waters of Lake Leman" in the stony dungeons of Chillon. But there is a sparely-built, gray-haired, kindly-faced old man walking the streets of this city who has known more of close confinement than that which made "gray, but not with years," the hair of the "Prisoner of Chillon." And his close communion with his cell did not make him love it.

For 33 years this gray-haired old man was buried. For 33 years he saw nothing but the faces of his jailers and fellow-convicts, and aggravating views of the clear, blue sky and of the broad Hudson as it sweeps the shore of Sing Sing. For nearly 33 years he slept in an apartment one foot longer and one foot deeper than a grave. But the extra foot depth did not bring with it what the prisoner wanted—total oblivion—and his sleep was less restful than that of the dead, whom jailers cannot disturb. For 33 years he went the weary rounds of prison life without the pleasure of shaking in friendship the hand of a fellow-man untainted by crime. For 33 years he had been dead to the world he once had known, and for thirty-three years he had worn the brand of murderer on his brow, though murderer he never was. Attacked at night when not sober by three ruffians he fought back with the weapon nearest at hand and killed two of them. A coroner's jury acquitted a man in this city with something like a vote of thanks not many months ago for killing a man in about the same manner. But Michael Gorman was not acquitted. Twelve men decided that he was guilty of murder, and with all due and hideous formality he was sentenced to death. Later his sentence was changed to imprisonment for life, and in 1855, just as October was closing, Michael Gorman, a rosy-cheeked young Irishman, 27 years old, became a prisoner "for the rest of his natural life." And in October, 1888, the same Irishman, now old, gray-haired and feeble, is free.

"No one knows," he said to-day in a tearful voice, "what I passed through in those years that I wore a striped suit and was a felon. Why, I thought I would be mad with joy when I took off the stripes and put on this suit." And the old man gazed proudly at the neat brown suit, the first he has worn for a generation that does not remind him of the convict cell.

"It is all so strange," the old man said, "to see no bars, no keepers, no striped suits; to be allowed to eat with a knife and fork; to sleep in a comfortable room, and to be free to come and go as I will. Why, man, it is like a dream."

But this old man has no yearning to return to the prison that he occupied so long. He does not, like Byron's prisoner, regain "his fetters with a sigh," and he will not, like the old German whom Dickens has made famous, insist on remaining in prison after he is free to leave it. He has an Irishman's love for freedom, and as he wanders about and sees the changes that have taken place since he entered his living grave, his most frequent exclamation is:

"Thank God! I'm free."

There is a vein of sadness running through it, too. He came from Sing Sing to find none who knew him save two faithful friends who had played with him at the village school at Lagan 50 years ago. His father and mother died when he had been but a few years in prison. His two brothers were killed fighting for the Union in the late war. The judge before whom he was tried and by whom he was sentenced is dead; the lawyers who prosecuted and the counsel who defended him are dead, and the governor who commuted the sentence is also dead. Of all the officials of his day in Brooklyn, but one is alive—ex-Mayor Stryker—and he is a very old man. Gorman, since his release, has been going about the city in an almost dazed condition. He was prepared, he says, to see changes, but not such changes as have taken place, and, to use his own expression, he feels as though he "had been born again." In his prison up over the Hudson he heard little that was going on in the world outside. He heard in a general way, of the war when it was raging, and he heard from time to time of other affairs of moment. But it was only in a vague way, and he went on at his daily task of file cutting and attending to his little prison chapel, doing his duty so well that in all the years of his prison life he was once reprimanded. The world outside was nothing to a man confined for life.

The old man—"Old Mike," as he likes to be called—is not much given to talking, especially of his prison life.

"When I put on that prison dress I can't tell you how I felt," he said, in his simple way. "I thought it was for life, and I didn't want that life to be long. What I thought at night when I lay in my cell I don't know—I thought of so many things. It is a terrible thing to be shut up month after month and year after year, and to know it is to go on until you die. I grew used to it after a while, but I never could come to like it. It isn't natural. I was treated well by every one, and I tried always to do my duty to the officers of the prison. I think I did it. And they were very kind to me when I was leaving, and—and I'm free once more, thank God."

Mike's friends go with him everywhere, and many friendly laughs are had at his surprise when shown some of the changes that have taken place. In a general way he knew something of the telephone, for there is one in the prison office. But there his knowledge of modern improvements ended. There was a volunteer fire department in his days of freedom, and when yesterday he saw a modern engine being dragged at a furious rate through the Brooklyn streets, the look of wonder and awe that stole over his face was amusing and a little touching, too. When a friend got him into one of our modern elevators and whisked him up some ten stories of one of New York's big buildings, he was both surprised and disturbed. He said nothing, for he had nerved himself for surprises. But he walked down.

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We have on our subscription lists a large number of campaign names, whose subscriptions expire during November. We ask these newcomers to send in their subscriptions for one year from the expiration of their present terms. It is not necessary to ask our old constituents to renew, as they always do. The BLADE is to them a household necessity. Our campaign subscribers should by that time be well enough acquainted with the BLADE'S merits to be willing to renew for the next year. With this week the political campaign closes, and from now on we shall make it a purely literary and news family weekly. During an important campaign we are obliged to devote so much space to political discussions that the real value of the paper for the remainder of the year is not so clearly seen. Our campaign subscribers can not certainly do any better than to renew for the Weekly BLADE, as it recognized by everybody as *the* representative model newspaper for general circulation, and is the only weekly paper in this country that has a circulation in every state and territory of the United States.

THE STANDING ARMY OF THE RUM POWER.

It has passed into a proverb that the average man needs a master, and if he has none he voluntarily puts himself under the control of one. We boast of our freedom, yet there are millions of our people who are the veriest slaves. They are the slaves of their own passions and desires, while exulting in the name of freemen. Our own country is full of men who are absolutely incapable of self-elevation. If their condition is to be bettered, it must be by the operation of some outward force. There is nothing within themselves which will impel them to elevate themselves. Their most marked trait is a silly, selfish indifference to anything but the gratification of their present desires. They support life on the cheapest and poorest materials, and the surplus of their earnings, if there be any, goes to pander to their own vices. The saloon and its congeners swallow them up.

There are two ways by which men can be rescued from the domination of Rum, or from the danger of becoming its slaves. The first is through the exercise of their own will power. They are truly men, in that they have learned the lesson of self-control, and have the moral courage to resist temptation. But the class of men mentioned in the foregoing paragraph are not of these. Their appetites, their passions, are their masters. Salvation cannot come to them through their own exertions. Self-control is not among their virtues. If they are to be saved, if they are to be elevated, the work must be done by an exterior force, and the only one that can preserve them from the domination of Rum is Prohibition. Hence the two methods of temperance work of which we spoke: First, *self-restraint* for those capable of it; second, Prohibition for those who are incapable of saving themselves.

This second class is that from which the most steady support of the saloon, and hence of the Rum Power, comes. They are the chief supporters of that immense army of some 400,000 persons whom the people of the United States maintain every year, composed of the brewers, the distillers, the wholesale dealers and the saloonists, and for whose support we voluntarily tax ourselves something like $800,000,000 or $900,000,000 per year. Did the United States government propose to keep a standing army of 400,000 soldiers, whose maintenance and equipment would call for an annual tax on the people amounting to nearly nine hundred millions per year, the cry against such intolerable taxation and the uselessness of such an army in our free land would be strong enough to cause a political revolution. Yet a portion of the people voluntarily tax themselves to this amount annually, and support the army of the Rum Power, 400,000 strong, without a murmur.

And for what purpose is this great standing army of 400,000 men employed in the Rum traffic kept up? For the public defense? Quite the reverse; for it is a public enemy. Its function is to deal out to weak, silly men a liquid poison, that, on the testimony of the highest medical authority both in this country and Europe, is at no time needful nor beneficial to a healthy man, but always dangerous, always a poison, whose effects are in direct ratio to the amount imbibed in a given time, slowly destructive to health and life, and at all times a poison to every bodily organ. The work accomplished by this army, through this means, is to manufacture drunkards, paupers and criminals, beggars, idiots, lunatics and dead-beats; to prepare the conditions for fatal accidents, and painful and deadly bodily diseases; to foment quarrels, riots, murders, and to prompt all manner of crimes; to make fathers forgetful of their duties, mothers unmindful of their children; to destroy the chances of children to grow up into good men and women; to rob men of their strength, to bring woman to shame and impurity; and to constantly be an active force against morality, religion, and all the factors that go to make up civilized and enlightened life.

During the political campaign just closed, there has been much denunciation of monopolies, and trusts, and other alleged despoilers of the people for the private and personal benefit of the men concerned in them. Yet all of these, taken together do not inflict upon the people one-tenthof the evil that comes to us through this selfish combination of men engaged in the Rum traffic—this standing army of 400,000 men under the banner of the Rum Power. What have these men done, of such tremendous advantage to the people that they should be let alone to pile up their ill-gotten gains, while their victims exist in squalor and misery? Why should their wives and daughters go robed in silks and satins, while their victims' wives dress in calico? Why should their children live in luxury, while the children of the men whose money does this, live in poverty and rags and ignorance?

Here is a topic on which the most fiery advocate of the laboring man could not say enough, even were he gifted with all the eloquence of an INGERSOLL; yet they are all silent on this topic. They pour out the vials of their wrath upon the JAY GOULDS and the VANDERBILTS, yet are silent upon the infernal burden imposed by the Rum Power, whose evil work is a thousand times worse than all the evils ever wrought by railway millionaires upon the people. Our great cities are the nests of communists and anarchists, who hurl anathemas at the wealthy, yet are silent as the grave concerning the men whose coffers are filled with gold obtained from the laboring men—gold wet with the tears of widows and orphans, made so by Rum; gold stained by the blood of men whose souls have gone down to perdition through Rum!

It is so much easier to preach the abstract reformation of the body politic, than it is to engage in the work of personal reform! So much easier to denounce other people for their misdeeds than it is to put the bridle of self-control upon ourselves! And it is well nigh hopeless to preach the necessity of self control, of abstinence from Rum, to men who are ruled by their appetites rather than their reason. To the man who has the power of self-control, the work of freeing himself from the dangers of the Rum appetite is possible; to others, impossible. But shall we then abandon all effort against the Rum Power? Shall we allow this army of 400,000 leeches to fatten upon the life-blood of the people? Shall we allow them to continue a traffic which is a disgrace to civilization, which is an encouragement to all that is lowest and most debasing in man's animal nature, which is a menace to all that is good and beautiful and pure in human life? Shall we submit to a crying evil, which rears itself as a wall of adamant in the path which a large portion of our people must traverse in order to find improved mental, moral and social conditions?

No! The men under the domination of the Rum Power must be freed; its standing army of 400,000 men must be defeated and disbanded, and the onerous annual tax of nearly nine hundred millions of dollars, which is paid to support this one vice, the prolific parent of many others and the protector of all, must be lifted forever from the people. There is but one way to do it. The men under its dominion can not save themselves. The strong arm of the law must be invoked. We must make the manufacture of Rum illegal; we must forbid men to sell it or handle it, under severe penalties, and see that the latter are dealt out to all transgressors; we must, through Prohibition,

Pulverize the Rum Power!

PASS THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

The Republicans in the present Congress owe a duty to the people which can not be avoided. It is, to elaborate the Senate tariff bill, and pass it.

Mr. CLEVELAND, in his last year's message, pictured the dangers of a surplus, and then offered a free trade method of reducing it. The Republican National convention, in its platform, practically admitted that the revenue should be reduced, but declared in favor of doing it without sacrificing the principle of protection.

The Democratic House passed the Mills bill, prepared in accordance with the President's ideas, and sent it to the Senate. The Finance committee of the Senate prepared a substitute bill, which would reduce the revenue as much as the Mills bill would.

The election recorded the verdict of the people as being against the President's free trade mode of reduction, and in favor of the Republican plan of reducing the revenue without destroying protection.

The thing to do now is to carry out the people's command, as far as the Republican contingent in Congress can do it. The Senate bill should be reported, discussed, amended where discussion shows it to be needed, and then passed.

It will then go back to the Democratic House as a substitute for the Mills bill. The Democratic majority there will then be compelled to either pass the bill, or to disregard the demand of the people for revenue reduction, and that such reduction shall be accomplished on protective lines. Let them bear the burden in the matter. The Republicans should comply will the people's will as far as lies in their power.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The nation drops for a day the ceaseless round of week-day toil, be it of body or mind, to keep the oldest and most distinctive of American festivals, Thanksgiving Day. Not only will the bounteousness of the annual harvest be celebrated, but thousands of reunions will occur under thousands of family roof trees, and multitudes of the hungry and homeless will be remembered in a spirit of large-hearted beneficence. It is well not to lose sight of the religious significance of the day. Events have been guided and controlled by an overruling Power which is always beneficent; peace has been maintained; there has been preservation from pestilence; the earth has brought forth abundantly; it is, indeed, "a good thing to give thanks"—good subjectively, as well as good in the sense of fulfilling obligation to the Giver of good.

The thankful spirit takes us out of ourselves, while at the same time through it we get a truer appreciation of ourselves. Thanksgiving Day observance gives a new inspiration to our national life in giving new inspiration to the family and home feeling. No nation depends more for its stability on the family and home than ours. It is, therefore, a matter of no small import that once a year, at least, come family festivals and reunions, knitting more firmly family ties and strengthening family bonds. The American national life is the stronger and more vigorous for the national Thanksgiving. It is a time for remembering the homeless. The feast suggests the hungry. Cold selfishness is touched, and beneficence finds new activities. The day has a meaning for all. Let it be kept in the fulness of its meaning, consecrated to the poor, to the home, and to the beneficent Giver of all good.

MR. POWDERLY maintains a firm grip on the Knights of Labor. He is rid of BARRY, and has an executive board named by himself. The quarrel between BARRY and POWDERLY is simply one for supremacy. The two men labored in the order side by side for years, each thoroughly familiar with the methods and the record of the other. When they became rivals, BARRY published grave charges against the administration, and POWDERLY used his authority to expel his rebellious critic from the order. On an appeal to the general assembly, the action of the general executive committee in expelling the rebellious knight was sustained. Now, after suffering defeat at every turn, BARRY turns tell tale. So far, the result of this personal contest has been to demonstrate POWDERLY'S superiority as a strategist and parliamentary tactician. He has seen danger in BARRY'S persistent agitation within the order, and he has crushed him. The cold fact of the matter is, that the Knights of Labor, without just such a strong man as POWDERLY as its controlling head, would soon drift into a dangerous state of disruption. It shows signs of going to pieces, as it is, but it is not in the violent way that it would were the controlling force less strong.

THE Democrats are now agitated over the impending admission of several territories as states, which will give Republican majorities, and thus increase the power of that party in Congress, and are agitating the division of Texas into three or four states. There are two good reasons why this will not be done: First, the consent of the people of Texas must be gained, and they would not favor division; second, the Republican Senate would be apt to give the matter a prolonged season of consideration before voting in favor of it.

HARRISON AS A PRESIDENTIAL QUANTITY IN 1880.

There are a great many people anxious just now to claim credit as the "discoverers" of General HARRISON as an available Presidential candidate in the present campaign, and who are insisting that they are to have a large share of the honor for securing him the nomination in the Chicago convention last June, after Mr. BLAINE'S Sunday cablegrams rendered it impossible that the delegates who favored him as their first choice—and they were a clear majority of the convention—should nominate him.

We have nothing to say against any of these claimants, but their persistence has recalled to us that the BLADE can justly claim the credit for having recognized the sterling qualities of mind and heart of General HARRISON, his merits as a "safe" man for the national leader of the Republican party, as far back as the famous campaign of 1880.

The attitude of the BLADE at that time was this: The disputed election of 1876, and the activity of the Democratic party, rendered the outlook for Republican success very uncertain, as viewed prior to the meeting of the Republican national convention. The "old guard" were clamoring for the nomination of General GRANT. The BLADE did not believe this to be a wise move. Neither did it look with favor at that time upon the nomination of either Mr. BLAINE or Mr SHERMAN, believing that the antagonisms to either would stand in the way of Republican triumph, in case he were selected as leader. Its opinion was vindicated as to Mr. BLAINE'S leadership four years later. As it always has done, the BLADE in 1880 desired, above all other things, the triumph of the Republican party, and the administration of the national government in accord with its principles. It regarded such a result as far more important than the triumph of any one man in the national convention. It labored to have a nomination made that would be for the best interests of the party in the close campaign that was coming.

The BLADE, in the weeks preceding the meeting of the convention, believed that the fight for and against the nomination of General GRANT, complicated with the struggle between the friends respectively of BLAINE and SHERMAN, would render the nomination of "dark horse" reasonably certain—a prediction repeated time and again in its columns, and fulfilled by the unexpected nomination of GARFIELD. After a survey of the field, it came to the conclusion that General HARRISON was a man eminently available for the nomination, as one who could be elected if chosen to lead. In the BLADE of May 25, 1880, his nomination was urged in a long article from which we make the following extract:

> Why should not Messrs. Harrison and Hawley be preferred to all others as candidates for President and Vice President?
>
> In point of ability and character they are the full peers of any men that will be presented to the convention.
>
> General Harrison's intellectual eminence is everywhere recognized. For years he has stood at the head of the Indiana bar, and had he not firmly refused strenuous solicitations to leave the profession that he had resolved to make his life-work, and enter politics, his name would now be a household word in the nation. Only twice, we believe, has he allowed himself to make departures outside the limits of his profession.
>
> Once was early in the war, when he led a regiment to the field, and commanded it so well and faithfully that he won the stars of a brigadier general. The other time was when he yielded to the solicitations of the Republicans of Indiana, and led them with signal brilliancy through an almost hopeless fight against the Greenback mania and the Democratic tidal wave, which was then setting in full force. Though he did not win a victory, he did better: he deserved it. Despite all the discouragements that had confronted the Indiana Republicans at the outset of the campaign, they were warmed to a burning enthusiasm before its conclusion, and the Democratic triumph was a very meager one. Nowhere else did the Republicans do so well, considering all the obstacles they had to contend with, as in Indiana.

The availability of General HARRISON was advocated almost daily thereafter until the meeting of the National convention in June of that year. In the BLADE of May 31, 1880, the probable nominee of the Democratic party was discussed, and the conclusion arrived at that it would select a compromise candidate, among its many factions, instead of TILDEN—which was the case. That article closed as follows:

> Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, is superior in every way to any compromise candidate the Democrats ever put up. He had far more brains and character than the average of men who have been Presidents of the United States. He is a larger man every way than Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore or Andy Johnson were.
>
> He will make a President that will give this country as good an administration as it ever had, and one that will be above the average.

And the BLADE to-day heartily re-echoes the opinion expressed eight years ago, and repeats the prediction regarding his administration made in the closing paragraph of the above extract.

THE fact that a contract of 5,000 tons of iron-work for a Denver street railway was given to a British firm, which was let just before the election, created a great deal of disgust among our free trade friends, and they have not got over endeavoring to break its force as an instance of the effect of cheap English competition. The New York *Nation* refers to it in order to call attention to the fact that the Westinghouse Electric company, of Pittsburg, has obtained a contract for a 25,000-light electric plant in London, by which it attempts to break the force of the former instance. But the *Nation* carefully avoids mentioning that the electric machinery made by this company is patented both in this country and in England, and that these patents give it a monopoly of that particular machinery in both countries. Hence there can be no competition based on the comparative cost of manufacture in the two countries. If the English prefer Westinghouse machinery, they must buy it of the Westinghouse company, for nobody else can manufacture it until the patent expires.

THE board of education of the city of Springfield, this state, has taken a most commendable step. It has ordered a critical examination into the eyesight of every pupil in the public schools. If this shows defective eyesight which can be traced to poor lighting, steps will be taken at once to increase the window-space in the school-rooms. Bad light is a common fault with school-houses. Architects and builders seem not to understand that a school-room should be so arranged that the light shall come from the rear and side of the pupils, never from the front; and that enough must be admitted to give the darkest desk ample light on the gloomiest winter day. Curtains and blinds can be used to cut off a portion in sunny weather.

ONE fact crops out in reading the thousand-and one letters from women which have been published, on the vexed question, "Is marriage a failure?" It is, that the chief vexation of the married woman's life arises from the tight grip on the purse-strings kept by the husband. The correct answer of the question, to the writer hereof, seems to be that the institution of marriage is by no means a failure, but that many methods of carrying it out are. If anybody can guess nearer the answer, we should be glad to have him or her write it out and send to the BLADE for publication.

THE Mormon problem must be solved, and that speedily. Missionaries from Utah are making many proselytes among the ignorant country people in the Southern states and sending them to that territory. They claim that 10,000 converts are being added to Mormonism annually, and that the territories of Arizona, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming are being rapidly colonized by their people.

THE Delaware Democrats have concluded their little scheme to elect an United States Senator will not work. It was too risky.

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The watch which we offer in connection with the BLADE is as good a time-keeper as any man need carry. They are a newer watch than the Waterbury, and much more satisfactory. They have a short, stem-wind, and are stem-setters. They cannot fail to please.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AND THE HARRISON ADMINISTRATION.

There is already much activity among gentlemen who pant to serve their country in official positions, and the indications are that Mr. HARRISON will find a tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him immediately after his inauguration to satisfy their claims. The great mass of the people will be glad to know that the indications are against any speedy realization of the desires of these self-seeking patriots. The crowd who are bitten by the itch for office, while a very numerous one, forms but a very small part of the entire population, and the vast majority, who have no interest in the matter other than that the public business shall be promptly, efficiently and economically administered, are rather inclined to look with a dash of cynical delight at the defeat of the office-seekers' hopes for a clean sweep.

These remarks are suggested by a recent editorial article in the Indianapolis *Journal*, which is alleged to have been inspired by General HARRISON. Those gentlemen who are so active in the effort to procure their own advancement will do well to give close attention to the following extract from the above-mentioned article:

> Justice to the incoming President demands that he should not be overwhelmed by office-seekers, his time consumed and his strength exhausted, to the exclusion of more important matters. This no unseemly sight and a great injustice to the President. . . . It only is reasonable time required to do these things properly, but many of the desired changes cannot be made once. The tenure of office law and the civil service law must be observed in spirit as well as in letter.
>
> Officials commissioned for four years from the date of their appointment, who are competent and efficient, and who have given no cause for their removal, will probably be permitted to serve out their terms. The new President cannot be expected to make sweeping removals in such cases. At all events, those who do expect it will likely be disappointed. As to classified department clerkships and places embraced in the civil service law, while they are subject to peremptory removal, appointments to them can only be made under the law.

It is not likely that this article would have been written at this time without some knowledge of the views of General HARRISON on the subject, and it is valuable as an indication of what the policy of the President-elect will be in this particular. We are unfeignedly glad that this is to be the policy of the administration. Civil service reform has come to stay, and we wish to see it carried out in conformity with the spirit of the law. However, nothing else than the policy above indicated could be expected, because the Republican party is pledged to support this reform. The Chicago platform of this year contains this declaration:

> The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions, which lurk in the power of official patronage, may be wisely and effectually avoided.

And it is to be remembered that General HARRISON, in his letter of acceptance, endorses civil service reform. He said:

> The law regulating appointments to the classified service I may support in the Senate in the belief that it opened the way to a much-needed reform. I still think so, and therefore cordially approve the clear and forcible expression of the convention on this subject. Only the interests of the public should suggest removals from office. It will be my sincere purpose, if elected, to advance the reform.

The gentlemen whose mouths are watering for official plums will do well to study these things. The indications are that President HARRISON will be governed by these deliverances, both in letter and spirit.

A CORRESPONDENT at Bowling Green, Ohio, writes:

> EDITOR BLADE:—Please compile and publish a comparative statement of the third party Prohibition vote with 1884—Fisk and St. John—and let your mathematical man tell us how long, at the present rate of increase, before they will be "in the saddle" at the White House.

We propose doing that, as soon as we can get the official figures from each state. We shall show the 1884 vote, the 1886 vote, and that of the present year. It is always slow work to get returns as to the minor parties, because popular interest centers on the tickets between which the actual struggle occurs, and the efforts of newsgatherers and press associations are devoted exclusively to them.

THE New York *Journal of Commerce*, Democratic, and a supporter of "tariff reform," deprecates any further free trade agitation. Instead of joining in the howl to keep up the free trade clubs and continue the agitation, it sensibly says:

> Do nothing of the kind. Adjourn and go home. Dismiss tariff literature and read novels, or anything else.

HOW PRESIDENT HARRISON CAN "BREAK THE SOLID SOUTH."

Some days ago there was made public a letter written by President-elect HARRISON to a Memphis man, in which the General expressed cordial feeling toward the South, and mentioned that he would be glad to receive "friendly advice" regarding the grave problem presented by the existent conditions in that section.

Now comes a federal official, a chief of division in the Treasury department, named JOHNSON, who offers, through the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, some advice to Mr. HARRISON. Chief JOHNSON is from South Carolina, and is said to have considerable influence in his state. This taken in connection with his being appointed to a responsible office, justifies us in assuming that he is a representative Southern man, and in accord with the dominant class in that region on the Southern question. Hence his advice is not without interest. Here it is:

> If you want to give Mr. Harrison some advice which may be of service to him tell him that if he pursues a proper course, and one acceptable to the people of my section, he can break up the solid South in almost no time. If the race question, which is the color question, were set out of the way the South would break up into a hundred pieces on industrial questions of current national interest.
>
> But, on the other hand, there are three things which the people of the South will never tolerate. They would fight first. They will never tolerate the rule of the negro, the carpet bagger from the North, or the white Republicans of the South, who associate with the blacks and are little better than their associates. If Mr. Harrison should put any of these classes of people into federal offices in the South, he will have to send the militia to keep them in office.
>
> We prefer military rule to negro rule, and it is just as well to remind Mr. Harrison of that fact, although he must understand it already. No respectable white men in the South are Republicans, and respectable white people are solidly Democratic because of the race question. It is purely a social question with us, and we will never consider it in any other way. I admit that the election laws of South Carolina amount to the imposition of an educational qualification for voters.
>
> Under the eight box law those who cannot read the label on the ballot box are liable to put their ballots into the wrong box and have them thrown out. We don't intend that a negro who does not know B from a bull's foot shall count equal to our best and most enlightened white citizens at the polls. If Mr. Harrison gives due consideration to the people of the South he will consciously find the white South largely supporting him and his party in a very short time; but if he wishes to rule us with black Republicans, he will make a mistake.

Mr. HARRISON is informed that there are three things the South "will fight" before she will accept; and these three things, plainly stated, are:

First—Allowing the negroes a free ballot and an honest count;

Second—Filling federal offices with Northern appointees;

Third—Putting the white Republicans of the South into office.

That is the full meaning of this South Carolinian's letter. In effect, Mr. HARRISON will be satisfactory to the Southern people if he allows the suppression of the ballot to go on unchecked, and gives all the offices to Southern Democrats. Such vaporing as Mr. JOHNSON is guilty of in this epistle is childish, and he may be sure that the incoming administration will not turn its back upon the Southern Republicans.

It will be noted that he admits that the South Carolina election law operates as an educational qualification against the black voter. Now, it is perfectly competent for South Carolina to restrict the ballot by imposing an educational qualification, which shall apply to *all* voters, irrespective of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Such a law would not conflict with the federal constitution. Why does she not pass it, and at once deliver herself from the stigma of fraud?

Simply because it would, if impartially enforced, disfranchise thousands of her "poor white" class, whose votes are valuable to the Democracy, and because her representation in Congress would be reduced. Yet that method is the only legal and honorable way of accomplishing what her ruling class desires.

GOVERNMENT FINANCES.

The finances of the government have had no attention during the four years of Democratic rule, and the annual report of United States Treasurer HYATT presents some facts which go to show that some financial legislation is urgently needed. At the close of the fiscal year—June 30, 1888—there was $58,712,511 of public money held by national banks, from which the government derived no revenue. National bank circulation had decreased to the amount of $13,654,050. The treasury balance increased during the year from $69,224,379 to $129,804,242. The reduction of the public debt was $74,788,920. The increase in the volume of government paper circulation was $83,424,400. Coin certificates now outstanding exceed in volume the legal tenders. The increase in circulation of silver certificates was $58,431,707. The coinage of silver dollars amounted to $32,484,673, making a total comage of $299,424,780, but the increase in the circulation of these coins was only $39,156.

That is to say, first, the revenue is greater than the requirements of the sinking fund. This matter must be disposed of by a proper revision of the tariff, preserving the protective principle. This will be done by the Fifty-first Congress, if the present one declines to do its duty. Second, the circulation of the national banks is decreasing so rapidly as to threaten the national banking system. The decrease in our bonded debt removes the basis of their circulation, and the time is rapidly coming when we must have a remodeling of the entire system. Third, the enormous deposits in banks of government funds are a source of danger, and they must be withdrawn, and the money be put into circulation in some other manner. Fourth, our circulation has absorbed all the silver dollars it can with safety, and if a financial pinch should come they will be liable to depreciate in value, to the detriment of the people. We need some clear-headed, intelligent work by Congress on the financial problems thus presented.

PILLSBURY, the flour king of Minneapolis, predicts that flour will sell for $20 a barrel next spring. Not while we have so much corn in the country, Mr. PILLSBURY. When flour gets up to $8 or $10 a barrel, a very large portion of the community will begin to use corn bread, corn cakes and muffins, and let wheat bread alone. And we would be a healthier people if we would use more corn for food.

THE fellows who are rushing in applications for office are just a little more than three months too previous. Their applications and themselves will be forgotten in number that will come in after the inauguration. It is all very well to quote "The early bird catches the worm;" but it is also true that if the worm weren't a fool he wouldn't be out so early.

THE principal exports of Christian nations to barbarous Africa are missionaries and rum. We have no statistics as to the former, but last year Germany shipped 5,481,400 gallons of rum, the United States 747,030 gallons, and Great Britain 398,980 gallons. And it is safe to say that the evil done by the rum counterbalances ten times all the good the missionaries do.

GEN. PALMER, the defeated Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois, has withdrawn from membership in the Grand Army of the Republic. The real reason for this step seems to be anger that the comrades would not support him at the polls. The Grand Army is not a political machine.

GENERAL LOGAN was perfectly correct in his prediction that the sons of Union soldiers, who came to voting age in the quadrennium ending 1888, would drive the Democratic party from power.

IRISH AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Tory government of Great Britain has practically confessed the failure of its schemes of coercion in Ireland as a means of settling the everlasting troubles in that island, by bringing into Parliamen t measure for extending the operations of the "Ashbourne act." This act has been successful in a limited way, and it is now proposed to extend its scope. The idea is, to facilitate the transfer of lands from the landlord to the tenant—to change the ownership from non-resident landlords to the actual tillers of the soil.

This is a sound, sensible and righteous measure. If adopted and put in operation, it would close up one phase of the Irish question very effectually. It should not be opposed by any one in Parliament who sincerely desires to see that question settled. But political necessity sometimes drives men to do queer things. Mr. GLADSTONE is the Liberal leader, and he feels constrained, from a partisan standpoint, to oppose all measures supported by his political enemies, the Tories. The amended Ashbourne bill is directly in line with propositions of his own in the past. He could not oppose it directly, as the inconsistency would be too glaring. Therefore he raised the *quaestio vexata* of unpaid rents, and, solely as a matter of party tactics, elaborated an alternative proposition to the Government's bill for enlarging the Ashbourne act—and not so good a measure for Ireland itself.

The "Ashbourne act" provides that the Irish tenant farmer may acquire a title to his holdings by purchase, the money being loaned to him from the British treasury under certain conditions. Under its operation £5,000,000 has already been spent, and in opposing the proposed additional grant of £5,000,000, GLADSTONE moved an amendment empowering the courts to materially reduce or altogether cancel arrears of rents found to be excessive, or to press too heavily upon the tenants. This proposition was, however, lost, by the decisive vote of 330 to 246. What GLADSTONE'S next step in opposition will be has not yet been made public.

The Tory government has really confessed the inefficiency of its coercive policy by bringing in this bill, and it should receive—which it will not—the support of every friend of Home Rule in the Commons. Home Rule will be a failure, if the proposed Irish Parliament is not made up largely of men who have a proprietary interest in the soil. The defect of the Irish character is its lack of conservatism; and the work of legislation, performed by a body composed of the avowed enemies of the landlords, and animated by the desire to harm them as much as possible, would be simply ruinous. The first step in Ireland's salvation must be the conversion of the steady-going, industrious portion of her tenantry into proprietors of their own holdings. This will create a conservative class which would become the balance-wheel in a local Irish government.

A WISE DIFFERENCE.

That grizzled old warrior General W. T. SHERMAN bluntly expressed himself a few days ago as feeling that it was a shame that CLEVELAND had put an ex-rebel on the Supreme bench. Whereupon several newspapers of Democratic proclivities rise to explode in wrath at TECUMSEH, and to remind him that GRANT had one ex-rebel in his Cabinet, and that the Republican administrations heaped honors on LONGSTREET and MOSBY, also ex-rebels.

There is a broad distinction, we apprehend, between an ex-rebel who, when the war was over and the Lost Cause had gone down forever, accepted the new order of things, and did all that in him lay to forward the cause of union and fraternal feelings, and the ex-rebel who, instead of doing likewise, clung to his dethroned and shattered idol, and has been spending his efforts since then to keep alive the silly sectional pride of the South, and in educating the rising generation in the same old political doctrines that were at the root of the rebellion, and have done untold mischief since in retarding the progress of that section.

KEY and LONGSTREET are of the first; LAMAR is of the second. The difference is clearly understood by any one who desires to know the truth.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, who will be remembered for his strong opposition to Mr. BLAINE in the Chicago convention of 1884, has just been re-elected to Congress from the Sixth Massachusetts district. In 1884 he was the Republican candidate, but was defeated. In 1886 he was elected by 725 plurality, and this year re-elected by 5,326 plurality. In this connection, Mr. LODGE'S own confession of his conversion to protection is interesting:

> I am very happy to admit that I have changed my mind. I was a free trader when I graduated from Harvard. I could not very well have been anything else, for nothing else was taught there.
>
> Five or six years after I graduated I began to the study of American history, and almost the first part I studied was the career of Alexander Hamilton. I read his report on manufactures. It is a great argument for the application of protection to the United States, that industries might be developed or built up. I found that I could not answer it, and I have not found any one either who has succeeded in overthrowing that masterly reasoning. It made me a convert to the Hamiltonian doctrine years before I had anything to do with politics.
>
> Since then I have studied American history more wholly, and I have been brought into closer contact with the practical effects of our protective system of to-day. The result has been that since I first read the report on manufactures I have become with each succeeding year a stronger protectionist, for I have been more and more convinced that to the United States, with their situation and their social and political conditions, proper industrial protection was the only sound and wise policy to be pursued.

THE Democratic leaders in Congress have made no secret of the fact that Dakota has been denied admission into the Union because of an assumed political necessity. She is Republican, and had she been made a state her electoral vote would have been cast for the Republican nominee. The result proves how short-sighted politicians sometimes are. Had Dakota been admitted her vote would not have changed the result, for HARRISON was elected without her. Had she been admitted in time to have voted in 1884, her vote would not have changed the result, for CLEVELAND would have had an electoral majority without her. Nor, in either case, would her Representatives have changed the political complexion of the House, and her two Senators would have made no difference in the Republican Senate.

THE BLADE wishes to offer a word of kindly advice to a number of Republicans who were formerly in official life, but were replaced by Democrats when CLEVELAND came into power, and it is this: Don't expect to be reinstated. You have no mortgage on an appointment, and you will find that the vast majority of appointees under HARRISON'S administration will be of men who were not office-holders previously. New blood will be sought for. The thing has got to go around. Those who take this well-meant advice will find that it is "straight goods."

MR. JOHN C. NEW says that the civil service law will be rigidly enforced by Gen. HARRISON. "I do not believe," says Mr. NEW, "that there will be any great haste in turning out Democrats. There will be no clean sweep." Mr. NEW says the greater number of changes, and those first made, will be in the postal service. They are certainly needed there.

THE strength of the saloon interest in New York City is shown in the facts that WARNER MILLER'S vote for governor in that city was 7,372 less than HARRISON'S for President, and that HILL, the Democratic champion of the saloons, obtained 5,716 more votes for governor than CLEVELAND for President.

THE BLADE'S NEW OFFER.

A Chance to Make One Hundred Dollars.

There are among the thousands who read the BLADE a great many who have keenly watched the past campaign, and with unerring eye have read the signs of the times. They believed that HARRISON was to be elected President, and they said so. Their political sagacity made them winners. Now their attention is directed to the new administration, and the first point of interest is President HARRISON'S Cabinet.

In order that the BLADE readers may have a chance to further show their judgment in political matters, we have decided to offer

A Cash Prize of One Hundred Dollars

to the regular subscribers of the BLADE who will, between now and the first of March next, guess the Cabinet to be appointed by President HARRISON.

Every regular subscriber is entitled to a chance at this prize, provided that he send us with his guess, the name of one new yearly subscriber, with one dollar. Mind this does not mean that when your subscription expires you can send a dollar, renew your subscription, and be entitled to a guess for the hundred dollars. You must already be a subscriber, and must send us one new subscriber at the regular rate. Then you will be entitled to make your guess.

In case two or more should give the correct Cabinet, the hundred dollars will be evenly divided.

In making your guess, send the name of the new subscriber and his money and on a separate sheet of paper the names you think will constitute the new Cabinet. For instance, let your letter read thus:

> EDITOR BLADE:—Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send Weekly BLADE one year to ——— ——— (giving full postoffice address), a new subscriber, which entitles me to a guess as to the HARRISON cabinet.

Then, on the other sheet, write:

> EDITOR BLADE:—I believe that President HARRISON'S cabinet will consist of
>
> Secretary of State—.....
> Secretary of the Treasury—.....
> Secretary of War—.....
> Secretary of the Navy—.....
> Secretary of the Interior—.....
> Postmaster General—.....
> Attorney General—.....
> Secretary of Agriculture—.....

Sign your own name and address to *both* sheets.

Here is an opportunity the like of which we are sure has never before been offered our readers. We want them to take hold of this matter, and to aid them we will, in the future as in the past, give them through our columns a faithful reflex of the feeling in political as well as all other circles. Send in your guesses.

THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

The bill creating a department of Agriculture, the secretary who is its head to be an additional Cabinet officer, is not yet a law, but it will undoubtedly become so at the approaching session of Congress, and in time for President HARRISON to name the first secretary of Agriculture as a member of his Cabinet.

The status of the bill is this: It passed the House and went to the Senate, which amended it by leaving out the provision that the weather service should be taken from the control of the War department and be made a bureau of the new department. The amended bill then passed the Senate, and went back to the House. A conference committee was appointed to adjust the difference, but before it could report, Congress adjourned.

This report will doubtless be made early in the coming session, and the bill become a law. The measure is a good one, and there is no reason why it should fail in this Congress and go over to the Fifty-first Congress.

THE California papers are angry because the administration's zeal in enforcing rigidly the Chinese exclusion act has not outlasted the election. The San Francisco *Post* says:

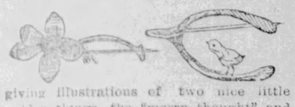
> While votes were wanted Acting Secretary Thompson decided that the transit of Chinese to Canada by the ports from whence the coolies might be smuggled into this country without difficulty could not be allowed. The collector was ordered to transfer Chinese only to vessels bound south of Manzanillo. On Thursday the Treasury department sent orders to Collector Hager to transfer Chinese in transit to any port whatever outside the United States.
>
> This is likely to lead to much fraud. If the Chinese can be transferred to vessels bound just south of the Mexican line, or even to Guaymas, they will have no difficulty in making their way into

MY THANKSGIVING.

Dear Lord, while many happy hearts
Glow with Thanksgiving joy to-night;
And glad unbroken families
Are gathered round the fireside light,
While songs of praise ascend from those
Who Thy full harvests stand amid,
I thank Thee for the ripened grain,
Within Thy heavenly store-house hid.
I thank Thee, that for long, long years,
Safe, shut within the pearly gate,
My darlings have been kept for me,
And still I stand without, and wait.
I thank Thee for the loving word and tone
Of voice that never failed to take
A tender cadence for his own;
I thank Thee—that the golden streets
By the dear faithful feet are pressed.
I thank Thee, that the aching head
Is pillowed on the Saviour's breast.
I thank Thee, that the loving heart
Has done with earth-born joy or pain,
I thank Thee, that no bitter tears
Shall ever dim those eyes again;
I thank Thee for the blow that left
The spirit bruised, the home-hold maimed;
I thank Thee for the love that lent,
I thank Thee for the love that claimed.
I thank Thee that each passing year
But brings me nearer to my home,
Where, with the spirit of the Bride,
He waits me with the whispered,
"Come."

Pretty for Bridesmaids.

Brooches for bridesmaids are so often asked for that the BLADE takes plesnure in



giving illustrations of two nice little golden things, the "merry thought" and "wishbone" brooches.

How the Boa Is Utilized in Two Places at Once.

Probably you never will believe it, but it is true that the boa of feathers or fur is not only destined to be twisted round your neck, but also to trim your hat—and to say the truth it looks very nice, as you may see in our illustration. The black felt hat shows a white feather boa arranged in bows and brought over the back to be twisted round the neck. The two colors are suitable for half mourning, but you may take a brown hat and a brown boa according to your own liking.

PRIMA DONNAS' JEWELS.

They Must Be Stolen in Order to Give Their Owners Success.

How does a lady singer become world-famed? asks a feuilleton writer in the *Frankfurt Zeitung*, and goes on to explain that their only royal road to fortune is to have some of their jewels stolen from them. Bell like intonation, harmony, a strong voice, acrobat-like technique, impressive expression, distinctness of pronunciation, lively action and an attractive appearance ought to secure fame to a lady artiste. But only those will say this who have lived in hermit like retirement, for in order to become famous a lady singer must at least have been robbed a few times. Just now a new candidate has presented herself as qualified for the part of the prima donna assoluta. Miss Sigrid Arnoldson, the attractive young Swedish girl, who has hitherto been like all other singing birds of fine feathers in the concert hall, has suddenly risen above all, and her impressario sends out the notice in great delight—at last she too, has been robbed. The object was, of course, a case with bracelets, earrings, etc., given to her by empresses, queens and princes. The impressario was nearly in despair when he appeared as if a ray of pearls had been overlooked by the thieves; the clouds only vanished from this face when it was found that the pearls, too were gone.

A thief, remaining undiscovered, belongs as much to the outfit of the phenomenally famous singer as does her indispensable rouge pot. She cannot do without a drawing room Fra Diavolo. The lack of a perfect shape quite suggestive of the lack of a thief would be ruin. Adeline Patti has been robbed by night and by day, in Europe and America, on shore and at sea, in hotels and on railway trains. And Carlotta Patti and Christine Nilsson and—but why mention names? An incredible amount of diamonds and jewels have disappeared in this way without ever turning up again. But the lady artistes are generous, compassionate, forgiving; they do not prosecute the thieves; they do not go to the police; they do not offer rewards. Perhaps they know that the gold in their throats can easily be coined, and that the ripping snakes can soon be changed into rows of pearls. They are easy-going, and soon forget their loss. But the wonder is that the rich donors should still continue to present the singers with diamonds. They might have learned by experience that every precious stone they give to them is doomed to be stolen. A royal present to a lady artiste which does not get stolen has missed its object, and cases have indeed occurred where presents were stolen which were never given. The jewels belonging to the latter category are most favored by the impressario. According to a rough estimate which a statistician has made concerning thefts of jewelry from lady artists, jewels of the value of $15,000,000 have been stolen from singers during the last decade, and however greatly the abilities of the police of different countries may differ in other respects, they are alike all the world over in never troubling thieves who victimize prima donnas. But there remains one consolation to the friends of the fair singers, and that is, that however frequently they are robbed of their jewels they are still ornamented with the same amount of jewelry even directly after the theft has occurred.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

How Young Ladies Choose Wealth Instead of Happiness.

These marriages of convenience are happy enough, in most instances, although novelists have familiarized us with the touching picture of a young and beauteous bride dragged to the altar by a wealthy but elderly bridegroom, while nourishing in her heart a hopeless passion for some youthful but penniless suitor, who has failed to find favor with her stern and avaricious parents. Such very sad cases do occur, no doubt, but not so often as may be imagined; French girls generally have a very clear notion of the value of money and position, and even now, when they are beginning to claim a voice in their own matrimonial arrangements, their choice, as a rule, falls on a suitor whose worldly position is by no means unsatisfactory. But then, the number of bachelors willing to turn Benedicts has of late become much smaller. For this the young ladies have only themselves to thank as the existence of the French girl of the period has become an accomplished fact. The average Frenchman is prepared to flirt with the modern "fast" young lady, but, in nine cases out of ten, he will carefully draw the line at marriage. Only a dot of unusually large dimensions could induce a Frenchman to marry a flirt—a girl known to have had many lovers—and even this consideration might fail to smooth for what he would look upon as positive pre-nuptial delinquencies. Thus it appears that, at a time when statistics show a decided falling off in the number of marriages contracted in France—a fact generally attributed to the prevailing financial depression—the ladies themselves throw new and unnecessary obstacles in the path of possible suitors. Retrospective jealousy is a very marked trait in the French character; and it will be long before Frenchmen are educated up or down to the English standard of feeling on this point.

A Glimpse at Vanderbilt.

The ordinary eye expands and the average heart beats faster when the thought occurs that the little man, with little side whiskers and a little smile in his little eye, is worth, at a very mild calculation, 130,000,000 of good, solid, golden dollars, writes a New York correspondent. There isn't the faintest suspicion of a mustache over his not particularly attractive and, at times, cruel-looking mouth. His hair is dark and curley, his bearing that of a gentleman. Conscious, as he must be, that everybody in the house has said "That's Willie Vanderbilt;" conscious, as he must necessarily be, that every one in the house has looked at him and said something about him, he sits with his tremendous shirt bosom very badly rumpled and his little white tie turned rather nearer the left ear than is customary, as quiet, as decorous as any man of the world I ever saw.

About Noah's Time.

Sunday School teacher—Now, children, after Noah and his family entered the ark, why were the rest of the people of the world destroyed?

Small boy—'Cos they didn't know enough to come in out of the rain.—*Lowell Citizen.*

WINTER HATS.

One of the Prettiest Yet Shown—It Will be Produced Here This Season, Too—How Do You Like It?

Among the winter styles of hats none are prettier than the one shown in this illustration. It is a light gray felt hat with an aureole brim, and is bordered with a narrow fold of black velvet. A large knot of black velvet is against the brck of the crown and toward the left side, and from it proceed three ostrich plumes in shaded cream and gray with black points.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Houston, Tex., boasts a woman dentist.

Women do the work of ushering people to their places in most of the theaters in Paris.

The women or America expend $8,000,000 annually for paint and powder for their faces.

Belva Lockwood says that women are improving intellectually 13 per cent. faster than men.

Twenty-three Montana mail routes are to be run for four years by a woman, Mrs. Ira McLane.

Winifred Frullck, a schoolmistress in Amador county, California, recently killed eight quail at one shot.

At Roseburg, Ore., is a "Ladies' Hammer Brigade," which makes a point of keeping down the nails in the wooden sidewalks.

An elderly New York woman, who for six months spent her time while riding to work in knitting a costly shawl, forgot the garment, which was almost completed, in the cars.

A woman at Hutchinson, Kan., with 14 children applied to the City Marshal the other day to make a split in her family, as she could not support them all. She now rustles for eight.

The Empress Josephine used to hold her handkerchief so as not to display her colored teeth. She made handkerchiefs fashionable. Before that time they were seldom exhibited and never made use of in public.

A California widow had plans made for a $50,000 monument for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework at $2 a week for the man who designed the monument.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Old-Fashioned "Round Up" at Montauk Celebrated as a Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day was suggested, doubtless, by the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles, or "feast of the ingathering at the end of the year." Its history in America begins as early as 1621. The occasional observance of such a day, formally recommended by the civil authorities, was not unusual in Europe at an earlier date. In Holland the first anniversary of the deliverance of the City of Leyden from the siege, October 3, 1575, was kept as a religious festival of thanksgiving and praise. In the English church service November 5 is so celebrated, in commemoration of the discovery of the gunpowder plot.

One of the most remarkable thanksgiving customs on record prevailed in Southampton and Easthampton, Long Island, Montauk Point, which consists of 9,000 acres, was owned by numerous proprietors in those towns, and used as a common pasturage for stock. The time of driving the herds home to winter was fixed at a meeting by the town council, "and it came," says the historian, "to be a rule from the period beyond which the memory of man runneth not, that the Thursday of the week following the return of the cattle from Montauk should be observed as a day of thanksgiving."

At an early period of New England history certain periods of prosperity were often made the occasions of public thanksgivings or feasts, and often a day of fasting and prayer was turned into a day of thanksgiving by what seemed an immediate answer to their prayers. Perhaps to recall to our minds that first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrim Fathers may put us to the blush. Often on this day have I heard such remarks as: "I have no thanks to give; I have nothing for which to be thankful," from lips that to would seem might have had in it's work in framing words of praise and gratitude, so blessed were they in the health of themselves and their dear ones, while for some fancied trouble this great good was quite overlooked.—*November Table Talk.*

Some Very Latest Fashion Notes.

As the season advances Mme. Heitz Boyer assures me flowers, especially velvet ones, will be much worn. Dress bonnets are quite flat to the head with light aigrettes on top set in lace. The Baroness has also a toque of golden brown velvet with two bands of gold braid and a knot of the same holding together the two small plumes. A new and singularly chic idea is to ornament seal caps with a bunch of shaded violets. One was shown for the Countess Segur all in brown velvet with a full border of violets. An effective astrakan capote called the Nora is trimmed high on the crown. Black ribbon knots and nut-brown cloth are used and held down with a mat of black passementerie. The small muff was made to match. Purely fur muffs are only used in severe weather as carriage wraps, and then they are of the size of our grandmother's. Birds, such as the expensive ones, are used to make the crown of a capote, and the cloth front somewhat twisted has a knot of gray stain ribbon. Crepe de chine also forms back and front of capotes with rich gold jet lace intermingling.—*Paris Letter.*

Why She Kissed Her.

Elsie and Maude, out walking, meet Amy: Elsie: "O Amy, dear! Kiss me! Do!" (They kiss and part.) Maude: "Why did you kiss her so heartily?" Elsie: "I am so glad her new hat is so hideous!"—*Epoch.*

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

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Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

ON CALVARY.

The Mockeries and Farces Enacted There in the Name of Religion.

From an illustrated article by Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson in the November *Century* we quote the following: "The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amid tawdry curtains and gilt bedizements of candles and altar-shrines, and this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorous, but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life, and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the Apostle Paul (Ephesians, v. 14) was well fulfilled: 'Awake, thou Adam that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee.' How are people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced.

"Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else, at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough; it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery to the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold.

"Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulcher, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?"

THE GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL.

The Union and Central Pacific roads and Pullman company put on, December 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children make it "The Finest Train in the World."

You Can Get This Dinner for a Dollar

Soup.
Tomato, with French Bread.
Boiled Cod, with Mashed White Potatoes.
Roast.
Veal, with Sweet Potatoes.
Salad.
Lettuce, with Cream Crackers Browned.
Dessert.
Charlotte Russe. Wine Jelly.

COST.

Bread (French), half a loaf, 4 cents; crackers (cream), ten, 2; coffee, 5; Charlotte Russe, three, 17; fish (cod), one and a half pounds, 15; gelatine (Cox's), one-fourth of a box, 4; lemon, one-half, 1; lettuce, one head, 3; onion, one, ½; parsley, ½; potatoes, six white, three sweet, 5; sugar (loaf), ten cents, 2; tomatoes, two-thirds of a can, 7; veal, two pounds, 30; wine (sherry), one wineglassful, 4. Total, $1.—*N. Y. Press.*

Quick, certain cure for Seminal Weakness. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

How Ingalls Looks.

Ingalls is, in point of fact, a noticeably distinguished and intellectual looking man, writes a Washington correspondent. Seated in his study, as I found him, with a cigar in his mouth, and the heavy-headed smoking jacket of tufted velvet turned his tail form, he was the picture of aristocratic negligence. His forehead is high and covered with a splash of wavy gray hair, and his eyes are exceedingly bright and expressive. The main charm of his manner lies in the directness and force with which he talks. He says pleasant things with full as much power as he does caustic ones—and this is saying a great deal. His diction is clear-cut and admirable to a remarkable degree, and it is a pleasure to hear him talk on any subject. He not only uses good old Anglo-Saxon, but he drops into the vernacular, including an occasional big, big D, with a degree of celerity and beauty that would win the staunchest Democrat in the world to his side off-hand. One forgets that he is President of the Senate and a power in the Republican party when he starts in to talk on subjects outside of politics. I am not surprised that the Senate is crowded whenever Ingalls speaks.

Easy When You Know How.

You can always get a woman to keep a secret if you give her chloroform enough.—*Somerville Journal.*

"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.

Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality of Gold Pen. Stylo, $1; Fountain, $1.50 and up.

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Publishers' Column.

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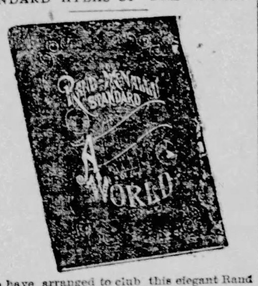
These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

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Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the years, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 18, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $600,000

100,000 Tickets at $10; Halves $20; Quarters $10; Eighths $5; Twentieths $2; Fortieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$600,000 is	$ 600,000
1 PRIZE OF	200,000 is	200,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
2 PRIZES OF	25,000 are	50,000
5 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	50,000
12 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	60,000
25 PRIZES OF	2,000 are	50,000
100 PRIZES OF	800 are	80,000
200 PRIZES OF	400 are	80,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of	$1,000 are	$100,000
100 Prizes of	800 are	80,000
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THREE NUMBER TERMINALS.

99 Prizes of	$800 are	$79,200
99 Prizes of	200 are	39,600

TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.

900 Prizes of	$200 are	$180,000
900 Prizes of	$200 are	180,000

3,146 Prizes amounting to $2,118,800

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40 Photos for gents, 10c. Ladies' Shields, 50c. Gents' Protectors 25c. Both, 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

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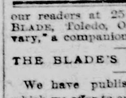

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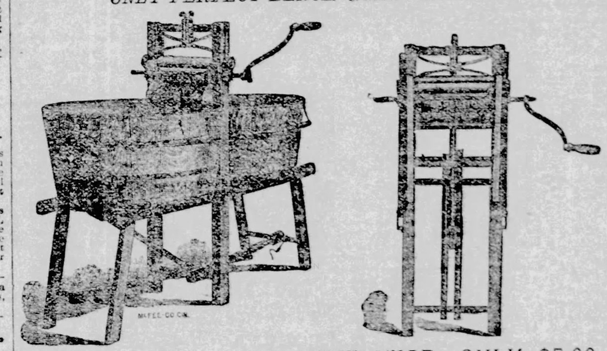

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With WEEKLY BLADE, One Year, Only $5.00.

These Wringers have double steel bow springs, hard wood, all metal parts, thoroughly galvanized, well made and nicely finished; it is guaranteed a perfect machine. We warrant every machine to be as represented.

The rolls are white rubber, vulcanized on the shaft, and are the best made.
The water from wringing can be made to flow into either tub instantly.
The only wringer that always wrings right-handed, as the crank can be attached to either side.
The strongest and firmest bench.
The bench and Wringer are combined.
The closest fold of any bench wringer made.
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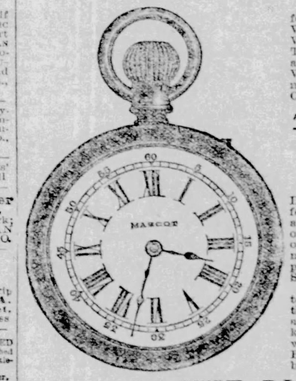

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THE MASCOT WATCH.

IT IS A

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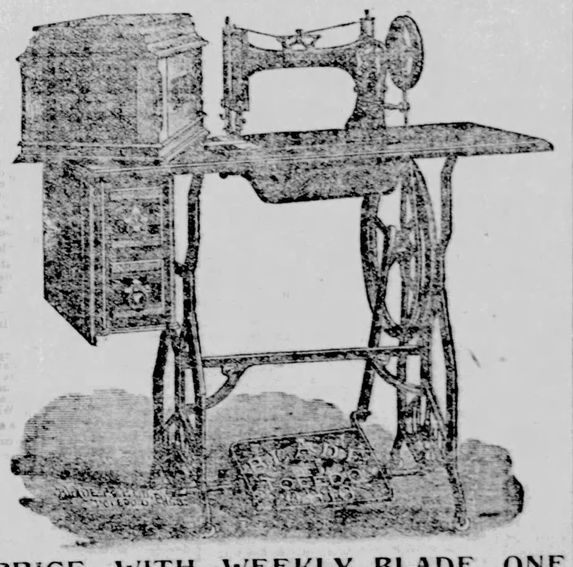

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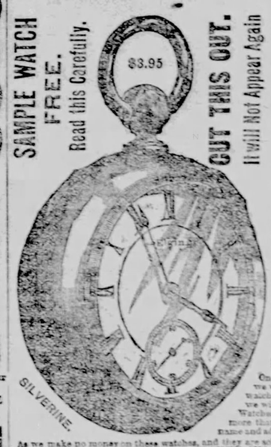

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

HOW GIRLS ARE TRAINED.

In the heart of the city of Toledo, upon a little eminence which makes it a prominent part of the landscape viewed from a distance, stands a large building of brick, looking out from a surrounding of trees, which are scattered over the grounds, the whole occupying the entire square. There is nothing especially beautiful about this building, nor attractive in these days of fine architecture, and yet the heart of many a man and woman in this broad land turns fondly in its direction, because of the memory of busy and happy days spent within its walls, for it was there that the last of their school education preparatory to going out into the world was obtained.

This High School building as it was a few years ago, and as it is now are two different things, for, standing facing the front, and one sees extending from the right a large four-story wing, evidently of recent construction. To one approaching the entrance, a curious air of expectancy will come for looking through the lower windows, strange appliances not belonging to the ordinary school room may be seen, and he will hear sounds more like those issuing from a large workshop, than the usual hum preceeding out of places devoted to study and recitation.

It *is* a large workshop. In fact the whole of this immense addition to the main building is nothing more nor less than that. It is the Manual Training School of Toledo, and I wish a similar institution could be connected with every public school in the whole land. There boys and girls are taught to use their hands with their brains. There they lay a foundation for the practical work of after life, supplementing that part of their education which they are receiving from books. They are taught how to apply mechanical principles to every day living, a want of which knowledge has made the life of the most who read this, much harder than it need have been.

You hear the sound of the hammer and the saw; catch the ring of metal; see busy hands carving, and it is not only the boys who are doing these things but girls as well. Yes, girls are learning to hold the hammer and drive the nails straight to their desired destination as well as their brothers can. They will not pound their fingers, as you and I do, when we try to fasten some refractory belonging and masculine hands are unwilling or absent. They learn to plane the surfaces of boards until they are smooth and shining; to join them together deftly and strongly according to the approved principles of joining; all of the elementary part of carpentry in fact, and something more. For they learn to carve ornamental figures upon these surfaces, and their work would surprise you. Pretty boxes for different purposes, nice easels and other things that would challenge your admiration are the products of their skill.

I asked the teacher how the girls took hold of these things, and whether there is any difference between the sexes as to dexterity. He replied that at first the feminine hands are somewhat awkwaad, as they naturally would be, having never been permitted to pound, hammer and bang, as boys do from their infancy. It takes but a little while, however, for this awkardness to wear away, and for them to wield the tools as deftly as their brothers. Of course there is as much natural difference in this matter between girls, as between boys.

"Are you really talking about girls?" some one asks, "and, if so, of what manner of use can that knowledge be to them?"

I *am* talking about girls. The latter question will not be asked by those busy, inventive housekeepers, with limited means, who are anxious to do much with little. Many accomplish much without having had any teaching about these things, but they will understand well what a help such an acquired skill in mechanics would be to them. Now, however, I will tell you about another department which you will probably think belongs more especially to girls. This is the one devoted to cooking. You will understand that these branches of which I am speaking are pursued at the same time with their book education, about 45 minutes a day being given to the manual training.

In a large, airy, light room are gathered all of the most improved appliances for the proper and speedy preparation of food for the table, in ways that are most healthful and palatable. Here during the year devoted to this work, girls are taught to do plain cooking. First comes the boiling of different kinds of meat and vegetables; then modes of broiling; then baking, beginning with bread as being "the staff of life," so-called, and including everything that could come under that head, as rolls, biscuit, etc., following this up with the baking of all sorts of meat. Frying challenges their skill next, and during the last term of the year delicate desserts are taken up, with the making of cake and pastries. All of these branches are dwelt upon long enough for the students to become thoroughly proficient, and to be prepared to keep house with some understanding of what is to be done. They are also taught something of the chemistry of food, which is held to be of no slight importance. Neatness and system are given a prominent place in the instructions, and the most absolute cleanliness is insisted upon. Many a home of the future will have reason to bless this school where the foundation of its comfort has been laid, for though we may both think and say that girls may learn these things of their mothers, yet the fact is patent that many a young wife wades through worlds of trouble because of her ignorance of the common duties of domestic life. Two young ladies, themselves graduates from this school, are the teachers, and full of enthusiasm in their work.

In another room, equally well prepared for its purpose, sewing and dressmaking are taught. Two school years are given here, that is, 45 minutes a day through that time. During the first all kinds of hand sewing are acquired, and some knowledge of the machine. They learn to draft their own patterns by measure for everything, and here is where the knowledge of drawing, previously gained, comes into play. Not, however, for the first time, for it seems to underlie correct work in almost all occupations, and it is given a prominent place through the whole course.

The next year these same pupils learn practical dressmaking. They are taught to draft their own patterns for this too, to cut and fit their own dresses according to what is considered the best system, and to make them neatly and with a good finish. When they leave school, they have the foundation of a good trade if they choose to follow it, or if not, they are independent when they like to be, of outside assistance. Beside this, the knowledge of how a thing should be done will solve many a problem in dressing economically.

I have not said much about the boys because the limits of this article will not permit it, but the benefit which they receive is fully equally to that of the girls. They have been taught to make a practical application of principles which will enable them to give a more symmetrical shaping to their whole lives.

Manual training supplies the great thing which thoughtful observers have felt to be lacking in our system of public schools. Its benefits have only begun to be felt in the few places where it has been established, but it should be a part of the education in every common school—the school for the people—in the land, and the day is not far distant when it will be. If women everywhere become thoroughly interested in the matter and move earnestly forward in this direction, their demands will do wonders. The influence in the homes of such practical training will be felt not slightly. Labor, and that kind of which I am speaking about particularly, as a part of the home, will become more respected and respectable—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A NEW FEATURE.

The BLADE will soon present a new feature which its many readers will not fail to appreciate. This is a series of sketches of the life and work of twelve noted American women prepared by Miss Bouton, in accordance with a promise made a few weeks ago in the Household, the members of which were requested to send in their preferences upon postal cards. When the large numbers that were received were counted, the following were found to have received the largest number of votes: Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Miss Anna Dickinson, Miss Marietta Holley, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. G. R. Alden, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Miss Clara Barton, Mrs. Ellen E. Foster. The series will begin in December, each one being accompanied with the picture of the subject, unless objected to by the lady, in which case, the one who received the next largest number of votes will be substituted. Pleasant answers from most of the twelve have been received.

Miss Bouton found her own name among the number leading the list, of those the women readers most desired to hear about. She thanks them most heartily for their interest, which she fully appreciates. The most and best there is to know of her, however, is to be found in her columns of the BLADE. Besides this, she does not yet feel equal to writing her autobiography.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

WORK BASKET.—Get a rush hat, edge the brim with coarse wire, hiding the wire with a chenille or silk cord. Push the crown of the hat down as far as it will go, and fasten in the hollow a pretty pin cushion covered with some bright material. The brim must be lined with the same colors, then turned up and lent about so as to make three little cushions. It is easy to see how to do this when it is ready. Where the brim touches the crown it must be sewed strongly and the places covered with an ornament or bow of ribbons.

PRETTY STAND COVER.—Get a square or oblong piece of butcher's linen and have some showy all-over pattern stamped upon it to be worked around the outer edges in etching stitch with the heavy rope silk in bright colors, and fill up the inside with coral stitch or any other fancy stitch done with some contrasting color in silk.—ED.

HOLIDAY HINTS.—Thanks to the lady who wrote about making a tidies out of crochet samples. Will make one out of crochet and knitted samples myself, soon. Have made some pretty tidys out of scraps of white goods, bits of embroidery and all over webbing left from my own and my child's dresses. Finished by feather stitching over the seams of one in white linen floss and the other with red. Nowdays really nothing is useless.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—A large crescent is cut out of stiff card, padded on one side with cotton and covered with white satin pasted on. The back is covered with gold paper. A five pointed star large enough to fill the cresent is covered in the same way. Upon each is painted forget-me-nots, and one is pencilled in gilt letters are the words "Christmas Joy be Thine." the star is sewed into place, and feather edged ribbon is sewed at the ends of the crescent and tied above the star, which has a loop of ribbon to connect it with the bow. On the lower edge of the crescent are five small white plush balls.

Another can be made by cutting a horseshoe out of heavy pasteboard or wood, with delicate blue plush, and edging with a silver cord. Across the back is a lining of white satin with wild roses and forget-me-nots painted upon it; also the words "Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes, it brings good cheer." Another is made by covering two palettes with pink and blue satin and sewing them together over and over, and then sewing on a fringe of white "hair pin" work. A bow of feather edged ribbon is tied through the thumb hole. Upon one side is painted pink and white fuschins and upon the other violets and "a glad New Year."

Square cards, covered with painted satin and sewed together, may be edged with narrow lace of any delicate kind. Where one cannot paint or do elaborate embroidery, very pretty cards can be made by working dainty designs in outline. Or, failing in this, one can make a satin or plush mat by covering pasteboard first with cotton, and then the satin or plush, edging it with a cord or lace, and having cord or ribbon to hang up by. In the center paste a pretty Christmas card, and you will have a dainty gift for any one. Scent bags are always acceptable, and can be made in so many different ways. Strips of contrasting ribbon sewed together, fringed at the top and tied with a narrow ribbon, are always pretty. A six-inch square of satin, sewed like a three-cornered bag and edged with lace or hairpin work, and decorated with painting or tiny bows is a favorite style Half a dozen tiny bags made of different bits of ribbon and tied together with narrow ribbons, so as to be hung up, is one of the latest fancies. Needle books, cut out in the shape of oak or maple leaves and made of velvet, veined and edged with gold colored silk, are very pretty. Cut out the pattern from stiff paper and paste upon the velvet. When dry, cut out and vein. Then baste upon a satin lining, cut out and button-hole around the edge. Two of them, with flannel between them, are tied with narrow ribbon. Holders for the parlor or drawing room can be made of bright crazy work, lined with quilted satin and bound with ribbon.

For a teapot holder, outline upon one side the following: "Unless the kettle (outline a teakettle) boiling be, fill the teapot (outline a teapot) spoils the tea," which is a good thing for the housewife to remember.

Blotters are appropriate to give gentlemen, and one is made by fastening sheets of blotting paper together with a piece of fine card for the front, with a handsome ribbon bow. Gild the edge of all, and paint a pretty design upon the front. A good one is to outline a little pig escaping from a broken pen, with the words, "Excuse haste and a poor pen," or, the front may be covered with satin or plush handsomely embroidered. I should advise every one to learn ribbon work, but instead of arasene to use chenille as it is more satisfactory. Ribbon work is so quickly done and is so effective.—MONTANA MAY.

PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR FABRIC PRINTING AND EMBROIDERY.

PANEL DESIGN FOR PRINTING—HOLLYHOCKS—Perforated pattern size, 12x23, is used to stamp this design on canvas, which has already been painted with a black or rich brown background. Vandyke brown, taken out on a palette, and enough drying oil added to render it smooth, and also a little chemitz white to heighten the tint, will make a good shade. Put color on with a good-sized brush, and then blend it well. When dry you can stamp your design, using white powder. To set it, hold in front of a moderate fire for two or three minutes. The following colors and brushes will be necessary to paint this design: One tube rose madder; one tube Kremmitz white; one tube light zinnaber green; one tube dark zinnaber greene, one tube ivory black; one tube burnt sienna. One bottle pale drying oil and the following red sable brushes: Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 8. Paint your entire design first white. When this is dry paint the leaves, stems and calices of buds and blossoms in three shades of green. One shade of zinnaber (light) and a little white added; one shade made of the two zinnabers mixed. One shade of dark zinnaber and a very light burnt sienna added.

Now, for blossoms make up two shades of pink. One of rose madder with very little white added; one of white with very little rose madder added. Begin at top of petals and paint down towards centre; here the color should blend in almost white. Those who have observed our old fashioned garden hollyhock will know just what I mean. Take up some white on another brush and finish out your stroke on each petal. When this coat is dry, retouch this portion with pure white again.

Shade into some petals a very little pure rose madder, and where the shadows fall a very little ivory black. The calyx is painted white shaded with a little ivory black and a very little lemon yellow. Yellow hollyhocks may be painted instead of pink ones, if desired. The same colors would be used for leaves and stems, and kings and lemon yellow, with a little cadmium No. 1 white for the petals. There is no better teacher than nature, but careful work even in an amateur artist gives not only pleasure but reward. Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.

In response to inquiries in regard to suitable designs for top of "Dining-room sideboard" for linen cover, I will suggest pattern No. 2603, "Carving Knife and Fork" —size of pattern 12x18. Work this in simple chain or knot stitch, using red or blue linen floss according to the prevailing tint of your room. Another pretty design for linen side-board cover is pattern No. 1421, "Roast Turkey on a Platter," size of pattern 12x8, to be worked the same as other design.

In outline designs for Tidies No. 1330—Basket of Oats, size 6x7, is quite pretty. This outlined with old gold floss on crimson satin and edged with knee makes a handsome tidy. On linen a very useful and durable one.

I still have a few copies of my hints on the "Prevailing styles of dress," which I will send free to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of four cents postage and an envelope for mailing.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph county, Indiana.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and s, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c s st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED LACE.—Cast on 32 stitchee and knit across plain. 1st row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p to tog—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 6—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 1—tto 2—n—tto 2—n—tto 2—n—tto 2—n—tto 2—n. 2d row—K 2—s 1—k 2—s 1—k 2—s 1—k 2—s 1—k 2—s 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 15—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 16. 4th row—Bind off 5—k 10—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 15—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 3—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 16. 6th row—Bind off 5—k 10—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 15—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 4—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 16. 8th row—Bind off 5—k 10—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 15—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 16. 10th row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 6—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 15—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 11th row—S 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 6—tto 2—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—tto—p 2 tog—k 16. 12th row—Bind off 5—k 10—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 15—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Repeat. This is a beautiful lace, and one that I never saw any one knit except those that have taught, now never saw it in print only in one paper that I sent it to several years ago.—MRS. D. REIGEL, 78 University avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

NARROW CROCHETED EDGE.—Make a chain of 8 stiches. First row—2 d c in each of 4th and 5th ch st from needle—ch 3—1 d c in last st of ch—ch 4—turn; 2nd row—4 d c in 1 of ch of 3—ch 3—1 d c in last st—ch 3—turn; 3rd row—4 d c in 1 of ch 3—ch 3—6 d cs with 1 ch between in ch 4 at end (this is for scallop)—ch 1—fasten to 1st row—turn; 4th row—1 s c—2 d c—1 s c in each space made by ch 1—4 d c in 1 of ch 3—ch 3—1 d c in last st—ch 3—turn; 5th row—4 d c in 1 of ch 3—ch 3—1 d c in last st—ch 4—turn; 6th row—4 d c in 1—ch 3—ch 3—1 d c in last st—ch 3; begin again at 3rd row. I hope I have made this plain. It is a very pretty narrow edge for trimming children's underclothes. Next time I will send a pattern of a wider lace.—LEILA OSBORNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.—I have been a silent reader of the BLADE for some time, but I can't hold my tongue any longer. I have been very much interested in those articles, written by members of the HOUSEHOLD, in regard to the training of children. Now, it is very easy for us to make plans, and tell the good mothers and teachers just what they should and should not do.

It is their children's responsibility is great. But where is the father's? Is not his just as great? If the parents would take more pains in training their children at home, there would be less complaint among the teachers about ill-bred children. There would be no need of the teacher on the play-ground, unless he visited to be there. Youth's teacher on the play-ground, in some communities, might be considered wise; while in another you would be pronounced a perfect idiot. And one tells us to wear something new every day—a new ribbon, etc. And don't wear the same dress every day.

That is very good. But while one might succeed in this plan, another might fail. It would depend upon what your patrons thought about such plans. Some might think you were most too "stylish." In fact there are not many such teachers as "Inez." If we play with our pupils we would have to dress so that we could play, and in order to do that, we would not wear our shoes two numbers smaller than we should, and our dress sleeves so tight that it is a misery to get our hands to our mouth. How many are willing to dress so? I'm afraid not many.

Some one has said that there are more ways of making a living than teaching. We all know that is so. But there are more candidates for that occupation today than any other; and all because so many think they are not able to do anything else. What a mistake, for such work requires bodily strength and quiet, steady nerves, which simply means good health. I can't sympathize with "Trouble" very much, for I have never had any experience in eating steamed bi-cuit. I got mine cold. But this did not happen very often, so I will not make a fuss about it. Hope has two mothers. So have I. Well, as this is my first letter to the HOUSEHOLD, I must close, for fear of intruding upon the right of some one. All I ask is just room enough to rest my weary bones. There! I imagine I hear some one say, "Close the door."—AUNT SIS.

A FEW HINTS.—I would like to make a few suggestions to young housekeepers. I don't suppose old housekeepers need advice, but young ones sometimes make mistakes.

In the first place be systematic. Now don't think from this I mean for you to wash, iron, bake and scrub on certain days of the week. On the contrary, I do not believe in that. I think we should do our work whenever we feel like it, no matter what day it is.

I read an article a few days ago in a magazine, in which the writer gave a programme for the week's work, which is as follows: On Monday, wash; Tuesday, iron; Wednesday, bake and scrub; Thursday, sew; Friday, sweep; Saturday, bake and clean up.

Now I suppose the writer followed that programme, but I wouldn't unless I felt like it. But I wanted to advise you to be systematic about keeping things in their right places. Don't have things scattered around in the room so thick that it is impossible to walk across it without picking them up to make a pathway. If you are not particular about keeping the house tidy, your husband will soon come to the conclusion that he married a careless woman.

Another thing to be particular about—keep yourself and the children looking tidy, especially when you go away from home. You may be poor and not able to dress nice, but do the best with what you have. I know a woman who almost lost the respect of her husband because she was so careless in dressing herself and the children. She was a smart woman, honest and good hearted, but careless. The husband was proud of her and the children, but ashamed of the way the wife fixed them up. I am told that she has changed lately, and taken pride in looking neat. I do not know what broeght about this change, but I know that they must live happier than they did. So, young wife, you may be careless, as this woman was. If so, the sooner you change the better. And if you want your husband to love and respect you as he once did, be neat and systematic about your work; have a place for everything and everything in its place, and see if you and the children can't look nicer than your neighbor's wife and children.—GUSSIE GILLMORE.

HAS HER LITTLE SAY.—Being an ex-school ma'am, and having read the articles in regard to the families who board the teachers, I wish to have my "little say" if the editor will kindly permit. Of all the dear friends whom it has been my good fortune to possess, there are none around whom my memory lingers more fondly than some of those with whom I boarded while I was teaching school in the country. No doubt there are some places where it would be undesirable to board, but very often, I think, the teacher expects too much. The price a teacher usually has to pay for board is not much more than enough to balance the extra expense. Two dollars per week, I think, is about the average, that would leave but a trifle to compensate for the trouble I have stopped at hotels where they charged $2 per day and had as poor fare as I was ever given in the country. Why don't people find fault with hotel and boarding-house keepers who make a business of feeding people with unwholesome food and charging them just as long as they can hold their breath, instead of pitching into the farmers for not setting a first-class table and furnishing a private apartment, with lights and fire included, for the paltry sum of two dollars per week?

As to their expecting the teacher to help with the housework, I don't know whether they do or not, but I do know that the tired hostess, when many duties claimed her attention at the same time, was very grateful for a helping hand. But do you suppose it afforded her as much pleasure as it did me? I doubt it.

Whenever I am stopping with a private family, whether as guest or boarder, I make it a rule to keep my own room in order, not because I think it is expected of me, but because house wives usually have enough to do, and I don't wish to add more to their burden than I can help. Perhaps I was exceptionally fortunate, but every place where I boarded while I was teaching, the coziest nook by the fire and the dantiest morsel were always reserved for the "teacher," and each member of the family seemed to try to add to my comfort and happiness. I am widely separated from all those dear friends now, but as long as I live the memory of those warm, loving hearts will be to me as the perfume of a faded flower.—HERMOINE.

INQUIRIES.

As it is impossible for me to consult a music teacher, will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD kindly tell me the name of a good "instruction book" for the organ; also, what is the cause of one's teeth turning black when they are not affected, and a cure?—DODIE.

Would someone who has tried it successfully be so kind as to tell how to arrange cut flowers in baskets or forms so that they will stay fresh for several days. Are chemicals used? Someone who knows, please tell us how to do it.—MRS. J. W. L., Marion, Kansas.

Will some of the girls who read the HOUSEHOLD, please write to me? Would like to correspond with some in California. Address MISS ELSIE H, box 1305, Norwich, N. Y.

Will some young girls, living in Colorado and California, who are readers of the HOUSEHOLD, write to a young girl of 15, living in the country? Address FLORENCE, Box 495, Bristol P. O, Elkhart Co., Ind.

Will some one tell us where to procure the parchments that patterns for stamping is on and if there is a machine to perforate with, and if so where could one be obtained and price of same?—Box 335 Wellston, Jackson county, Ohio.

Will "Mrs. B." please state if when the sweet milk, butter milk and water have been mixed and placed in stone jars, whether it should be kept in a warm or cool place while it is making Kommass? I know that when it is bottled it must be kept cool.

Are there any readers of the BLADE living in Spokane Co.; Washington Territory, if so I would like to hear from them something about the climate, society, price of dry good, furniture, etc. We have a house near Stevens, Spokane Co. intend going there in a few months.—MRS. S. DOUGLASS, Red Oak, Iowa.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Mabel Bowditch, Hillsdale, Mich.: Mrs. Harrison's maiden name was Carrie Scott.

"Inquirer," the best plants for winter blooming are the hardy bulbs. They are really buds, and only need heat and moisture to cause them to develop. Give them a free, dry and rather rich soil, cover only the lower half of the bulb, and then press them firmly down until nearly covered. Among the best are hyacinths, Narcissus, jonquils, anemone, tulip and iris. There are others which are very pretty.

To the inquiry about hyacinths: The Dutch hyacinths have large flowers of all shades of color, red, white, blue and yellow. In regard to the relative beauty of hyacinths, there is no greater fallacy than that the double are more beautiful than the single varieties. Many of the double sorts are exquisitely beautiful, but the colors of the single are richer and the blooms larger and they are more easily grown, and, therefore, better adapted for house culture. The white Roman hyacinths are the easiest grown of all the bulbs. The flowers are single and somewhat smaller than those of the Dutch sorts, but of very sweet fragrance and produced in great profusion. A very small pot will answer for a hyacinth. Some prefer to plant three or four in a large pot.—ED.

In the BLADE of November 1, I noticed a mistake in regard to a recipe for the cure of dropsy. It struck my mind that it might have occurred by a mention made of a recipe I had just gotten of a specialist. And there was also an error in the recipe I sent for making the sticky flypaper, which will cause the paper to tear if it is not boiled as then directed right. The term seed oil being used instead of flax seed oil. Of course no one knew what kind of oil to use, and hence it was a failure. If I live till fly time again, will try and make it plain.—MRS. SARAH D. BROSINS, Tiffin, O.

The word was probably left out of the copy inadvertently, as we are very careful about following it closely.—ED.

In answer to the inquiry for cooking pie melon, cut the melon free from seeds and rind) into small pieces, add sugar or sorghum to sweeten, then set on the stove (without water) cook very slowly at first, until it has made its own juice; or, what is better, cut it up at night, let it set till morning, with the sugar on it. Cook and stir almost constantly to prevent burning, and if cooked long enough, it will become "butter" without being sifted. Cut the pieces with the spoon while it is cooking. To make the pies, add vinnegar, cinnamon and spice to suit the taste.

To "M. A. C." I would say we used "Sure Kill" fly paper with good success.—LENA MAY, Mingona, Kan.

RECIPES.

HOLIDAY DAINTIES.—ICE CREAM CANDY—Juice of 1 large lemon; 1½ lbs white sugar; 2 cups butter; 1½ cupfuls water. Work the butter in water to extract the salt. Boil fast until it will crisp when dropped into water, but be careful not to stir. Set off the stove, and when it has stopped boiling add the lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of the extract. Pour an inch deep into a buttered dish. When cool pull until white.

KISSES.—Whites of 2 eggs; 2 cupfuls powdered sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls starch. Beat the eggs stiff and add the sugar and starch sifted together; add cocoanut, and drop in buttered paper. Bake 15 minutes in a slow oven.

FRENCH CREAM CANDIES.—White of 1 egg and as much cold water; beat together and add powdered sugar until stiff (about a pound, to 1 egg); sprinkle sugar on a sheet of paper and knead the cream until stiff enough to roll out nicely. One has to practice to get it just right. Cut into squares and roll into balls. For Chocolate Creams—Melt in a bowl over hot water, a cake of unsweetened chocolate; wet the balls of cream on it; lift out with a fork and place upon buttered paper. Cocoanut balls are made by rolling the cream balls on desiccated cocoanut. Creamed walnuts are made by placing half a walnut upon each side of a roll of cream. Figs and dates can be split open and filled with the cream. Be careful not to add so much sugar as to get the cream too stiff or they will be dry instead of soft and creamy. It is best to never make more than one or two eggs up at a time as it dries quickly. A part can be colored with one coloring and if yellow is desired, put a pinch of saffron, strain and add to the water used. A favorite kind with us is to roll the cream out half an inch thick; stew with broken up popped corn; wet it in and cut into squares. We generally take all the bits of cream, nuts and chocolate that are left, melt them up together and cook until stiff. Pour into a buttered pan and cut into squares. Half sugar and half molasses cooked until it will crisp when dropped into water, and pulled until it is a cream color, then cut into sticks, is an old time favorite. It can be raised by rolling out and adding popcorn, or olive, or chopped peanuts, almonds or walnuts. Still another way is to make as for ice cream candy, and stir often, taking from the fire until it begins to look creamy. Stir in a cup of cocoanut and pour out half an inch thick. When partly cold make into squares. Home made candies have two things to recommend them, viz., their purity and their cheapness.—MONTANA MAY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SOUTH COLTON, N. Y.

Amy L Huggard	Nora Huggard
Elva Huggard	Grace Garlough
Emma D Rodwell	Charlie Garlough
Georgie Garlough	Herbie Garlough
Grace B Pelsue	Emily Chaney
Mattie I Watson	Winnie Watson
Walter Watson	Leura L Tupper
Dell A Felton	Alice L Barkley
Cin on Barkley	Alex Short
Stella Plumley	Minnie Plumley
Willie Plumley	Asaph Barkley
Herbert E Swain	John N Watson

Names this week, 24. Total 24,458.

The above embraces all names received up to November 22.

SILVER-GLOSS AND TANGLE-FOOT.

Sleepy little Toddlekins
In the corn-field lay;
Resting on a pumpkin vine,
Tired out with play;
Golden head on golden pillow
Dropped to sleep at last,
While the shades of afternoon
Slowly lengthened past.

Sunset faded, twilight melted
Into balmy night,
And the lazy, hay-vest moon
Slowly crept in sight;
The insect choir began to stir,
Each tuned his little flute,
And joining with the katydids,
Began the great dispute.

Little Toddlekins awoke,
Scarce believed her eyes;
Sat up straight and looked about
In a vast surprise;
All the corn-field was alive—
Such a wondrous sight—
With a throng of fairy forms,
In the moonshine bright.

Puzzled little Toddlekins,
Wide-eyed, gazed around;
Came a princely cavalier,
Bowing to the ground;
With a tasseled cap of gold
And a cloak of gre-n—
"Little Toddlekins," he said,
"Will you be my queen?

"I'm the king of corn-field fays,
Silver-Gloss my name;
These my peers and paladins
Of honorable fame;
These my subjects—will you be
Their queen and mine?" said he—
"I ask it on my bended knees."
"If you please," said she.

He took her hand with courtly grace,
And led her to his throne;
See how very, very small
Toddlekins has grown;
All her wonder at an end,
Quietly sedate,
Like a born princess she seemed
In her royal state.

And then what games and sports went on,
What dances and what fun;
What races on unsightly steeds
With spindle-shanks were run;
What flights into the moon-lit air
On gauzy-winged balloons;
While all the while the insect choir
Played up their million tunes.

But hark! a trumpet tone rings out,
And then a shrill alarm—
"Arm, arm, my braves!" cried Silver-Gloss,
"With spear and buckler arm!
'Tis Tangle-Foot, the wicked imp,
With all his evil crew,
To drive us from our corn-field fair;—
Out, every flashing sword!"

They marshalled quickly for the fray,
And quickly came the foe;
Dark, haggard imps, with glaring eyes,
And grizzly shapes of woe;
Led on by scowling Tangle-Foot,
Armed with a crooked sword;
While Toddlekins, upon her throne,
Sat trembling for her lord.

Strike! fairies, strike! for life and limb,
For honor and for fame!
And strike to rid your corn-field home
Of wickedness and shame!
Harrah! hurrah! for Silver-Gloss!
The evil one is down!
The silver-crested fairy king,
Has saved his life and crown!

Then all the phantoms shrieking fled,
And joyously once more
The fairies sang and danced and played
As merrily as before.
While through the pleasant summer night,
O'er hills and dales and dells,
The insect voices rose and fell
Like calming silver bells.

The moon sank down, the light of dawn
Came creeping o'er the skies,
And trembled like Toddlekins
Rubbed both her sleepy eyes;
Upon her pumpkin throne she sat
Quite lonesome and forlorn,
For nothing of the show remained
But waving fields of corn.

A CHAPTER ON BAGS.

The most successful of conveniences and the prettiest of trifles for Christmas presents are bags. Every body, even the smallest child, can make some kind of a bag, and yet some bags are so beautiful that nobody would disdain it, and everybody would like to possess one.

There is nothing in a woman's life so universal in its application, or that has so wide a range of usefulness, and that being so, how many Christmas presents of bags can be made by busy daughters and cousins and neices and granddaughters, which will supply wants and delight the hearts of mothers and sisters and aunts and grandmothers, not to speak of the chamois tobacco bags and spectable bags and card bags and knife bags for fathers and brothers and uncles and grandfathers every one of which will relieve the hearts of little fingers and the love of little souls.

I once went to a "bag fair," which was very successful and gained quite a sum of money, for everybody found something there that he or she wanted. There were innumerable bags in it; flannel jelly bags, calico rag bags, cotton shoe bags, twine string bags, silk work bags and lace bonbon bags; it seemed as if the whole range of bags was exhausted, and yet I think there was not a single one exactly like some I am going to tell you about.

We will begin with the smallest bags that can be useful, and these must be made in little groups of three, in different colors, so that they shall look like little bouquets when they are finished and lying in the work basket.

They can be made of soft thick silk or ribbon, or even of cashmere, and if you will bring all the peices of pretty stuffs together which you can find, you may do something exceedingly nice without spending a penny of your Christmas money for this part it. Suppose they are to be made of cashmere, you will want three colors; pale colors are pretties, blue and rose and cream color are charming or rose and white and pale green. Each piece must be four and a half inches long and four inches wide.

Fold each length together once, and cut the end in a point. The top is to be fringed out about half an inch, or very neatly hemmed, or the edge turned over and button-holed. The side and point and flap are to be carefully back stitched together and turned, or, it may be sewed together in an overhand seam, using silk instead of cotton for sewing. If it is stitched and turned instead of over handed, you must whip the seam to prevent it raveling. The three side seams are to be caught together at the point and upper ends, leaving about an inch at the top for opening and closing. A little fluffy tassel is to be sewed at the point of each, of the same color as the bag, and a short elastic band, such as is used for letters and papers, is wound around the top of each, and, if you like, another to hold all three bags together. Half fill one with pearl buttons, another with bone buttons, and the third with shoe buttons. Wind a bit of thread, suitable for sewing on each kind, over a piece of card-board and put inside the bag with the buttons. Close them all, and comb out the tassels, and it will look very pretty and be very useful.

If you have to buy material, it is best to buy cheap soft ribbon of the colors you need. Three half-yards of ribbon four inches wide—one of rose, one of cream, and one of blue—will make four of these groups of button bags, and any little seamstress of eight or ten years should be able to do it. Bits of silk can be used in this way, or even muslin; in short, any pretty stuff which is soft and fine. It is not even necessary that the stuff be of different colors, but if you can get two or three colors which go well together and help each other, it is all the better, and makes much more of your work.

Suppose you have three pieces of ribbon which are of the same color but different shades, like shades of gold and brown, or of dark and light lavender, or of pale and blues, you can make something which will be a constant pleasure as well as a great convenience to some one whom you wish to please.

You can make a glove bag for your mama's or sister's drawer on the same plan, only in this case you use four pieces of silk eight inches long and nine inches in width. Fold each piece together in the same way, but you do not point the bottom. When each piece is folded and sewed together at the side and across the bottom, and hemmed or fringed at the top, you lay two of them together and sew quite around them, except at the fringed tops, and you do the same thing with the other two. If you lay these side by side, you have a square of silk eight inches long and eight and a half inches wide, with three pockets in each. Sprinkle orris powder in the two pockets which lie between the other two, and close them at the top, and you have four pockets, two in each bag, in which a folded pair of gloves will fit nicely, with an orris powder sachet between, which will keep the gloves perfumed and sweet, and carry that nameless fragrance with them which every dainty lady loves. These two packages are to be attached at the sides and folded together like a pocket book.

We are still not quite through with the groups of bags, because by carefully selecting the color we can make a group of bonbon bags which are a charming thing to hang upon a bell-pull, or lie on the library or sitting room table. These had better be graduated colors, or made of some rich stuff like damask, satin or velvet. They must be faced instead, or hemmed, at the top, with some dainty color which contrasts well with the material of the bags. Each must be drawn together at the ends, and finished with a floss of silk with some threads of gold. They must be fastened together at the top, and drawn with ribbons of the same color as the bag, so that the three ribbons carry out the same effect of color as the bags. They should be made of pieces of material seven inches square, folded to make a bag seven inches long and three and a half wide.

A pretty present to make a young lady is a chatelaine bag and a shoulder knot of ribbons to match. These must be made of two colors of ribbons which are lovely in themselves, and which could go with a white or some light costume. We will suppose lavender and cream color are to be used; the bag may be made of a piece of the same kind of lavender used in the shoulder knot, or made by sewing inch-wide ribbons of cream and lavender togeth er in alternate stripes; the bag should be six inches long and five inches wide, finished, pointed at the bottom and trimmed at the point and ends of the side seams with small loops of the two ribbons mixed. The top should be slightly drawn in with a little whalebone at the shirr, and faced with cream satin. It must be hung from the belt with a ribbon of each color, and these two ribbons can be sewed to a hook which slips over the band of the skirt at the waist There must be a shoulder knot made of four loops of ribbon, two of each color; the loops must be half a yard deep, and have many smaller loops and a knot at the top, and it must be fastened to the left shoulder of the dress.

A very easy and useful gift is the opera bag. This is made of India or shadow, or any soft handsome silk, and should have two breadths a yard long. It is made like a large silk purse, the two breadths sown together, then the remaining seam to be sewed a quarter of an yard at each end. Each end gathered together and fastened with a thick silk tassel or pompon of silk. The name or at least the address of the owner should be done in stem stitchery along the opening When the owner goes to the opera or wherever she will, in evening dress, she drops her opera glass, her fan, even her satin slippers, if she does not wear them inside of her fur boo s, in one end of this long purse, and winds it around her arm. When she arrives at the scene of entertainment she withdraws them, and puts her folded opera cloak, fur boots, and lace scarf in the bag, and gives them to the attendant, knowing that her things will stay all together, and she will recognize her bag at once among the numerous parcels of cloaks, wraps, shoes, etc. This is a particularly easy and simple present to make, and a very welcome one to any lady who "goes" much to the opera

TALMAGE TALKS UPON OUR FOOD,

And Its Effect Upon the Moral Nature—Some Lessons Drawn—From a Biblical Prohibition.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25.—At the Tabernacle Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached, taking for his text: "And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls; the owl, the vulture, and the bat. These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail."—Levit. xi, 13, 30. Following is the discourse in full:

The Bible offers every possible variety of theme, of argument and of illustration. We care not much in what kind of a pitcher the water of life is brought, if it is only the clear, pure water. God gave the ancients a list of the animals that they might eat, and a list of the animals they might not eat.

These people lived in a hot climate, and certain forms of animal food corrupted their blood and disposed them to scrofulous disorders, depraved their appetites and bemeaned their souls. A man's food when he has the means and opportunity of selecting it, suggests his moral nature. The reason the wild Indian is as cruel as the lion is because he has food that gives him the blood of the lion. A missionary among the Indians says that by changing his style of food to correspond with theirs his temperament was entirely changed. There are certain forms of food that have a tendency to affect the moral nature.

Many a Christian is trying to do by prayer that which cannot be done except through corrected diet. For instance, he who uses swine's flesh for constant diet will be diseased in body and polluted of soul—all his liturgies and catechisms notwithstanding. The Gadarene swine were possessed of the devil, and ran down a steep place into the sea, and all the swine ever since seem to have been similarly possessed. In Leviticus God struck this meat off the table of his people, and placed before them a bill of fare at once healthful, nutritious and generous.

But, higher than this physical reason, there was a spiritual reason why God chose certain forms of food for the ancients. God gave a peculiar diet to his people, not only because he wanted them to be distinguished from the surrounding nations, but because certain forms of food, by reason of their habits, have always been suggestive of moral qualities. By the list of things from which they were to abstain, God wished to prejudice their minds against certain evils; and in the list of lawful things given he wished to suggest certain forms of good. When God solemnly forbade his people to eat the owl, the vulture, the bat, the chameleon and the snail, he meant to drive out of his people all the sins that were thus emblemized.

I take the suggestion of the text, and say that one of the first unclean things the Christian needs to drive out of his soul is the owl. The owl is the melancholy bird of night. It hatches out whole broods of superstitions. It is doleful and hideous. When it sings it sings through its nose. It loves the gloom of night better than the brightness of the day. Who has not slept in the cabin near the woods, and been awakened in the night by the dismal "too-hoo" of the owl? Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul.

It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. The man who is not where we can get at him, may be pardoned and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause and your doubts will vanish. You say: "I have lost my property," but I reply, "You have infinite treasure laid up in heaven." You say: "I am sinking sickly and going to die" Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. Catch a few morning larks for your soul and stone this owl off your premises.

As a little girl was eating the sun dashed upon her spoon, and she cried, "O, mamma, I have swallowed the sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same bovverage! Cheerfulness — it makes the homeliest face handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups, and rainbows, and auroras. God made the grass black? No, that would be too somber. God made the grass red? No, that would be too gaudy. God made the grass green, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness.

Read your Bible in the sunshine. Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects one affects the other. A historian records of the terror of young Hannibal's daughter in Rome Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian soul that which can drive back any infernal beslegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous! and again I say rejoice!"

Again, in taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the vulture from your soul. God would not allow the Jews to eat it. It lives on carcasses; it fattens among the dead; with leaden wing it circles about battle fields. Wilson, the American ornithologist, counted 237 vultures around one carcass. If crossing the desert when there is no sign of food in all the sky, a camel falls out of the caravan, immediately the air begins to darken with vultures. There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their souls. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its beak. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin. They say: "I told you so." They rush into some store and say: "Have you heard the news? Just as I expected! Our neighbor has gone all to pieces! Good for him."

That professedly Christian woman, having heard of the wrong doing of some sister in the church, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it out among the streets. She takes the afternoon to make her long neglected calls. She tells the story ten times before sundown, and every time tells it larger. She rushes into the parlors to tell it, and into the nursery to tell it, and into the kitchen to tell it. She says: "Would you have thought it? Well, I always said there was something wrong about her. Why, I should not speak to her if I saw her on the street. Is it not horrible? But better not say anything about it, because there may be some mistake. I do not want my name involved in the matter. I guess I will just go over and ask them at No. 276 whether they have heard it. Guess it must be so, for Mary Ann says that her husband saw a man who heard from his business partner that his blind old grandmother had seen something that looked very suspicious!"

The most loathsome, miserable, God-forsaken wretch on earth is a gossip. I can tell her on the street, though I have never seen her before. She would be fast and has her bonnet strings loose, for she has not had time to tie them since she heard that last scandal. She looks both ways as she passes, hoping to see new evidences of depravity in the windows. I think that when Satan has a job so infinitely mean that in all the pit he can find a devil mean enough to do it, and all bribes and threats have failed to get one willing for the infernal crusade, he says to one of his sergeants: "Go up to Brooklyn, and in such a street, on such a corner, get that gossiping woman, and she will be glad to do it."

And sure enough, like a hungry fish, she takes the hook in her mouth, and Satan slackens the line, and lets her run out farther and farther, until after awhile he says: "It is time to haul in that line," and with a few strong pulls he brings her to the beach of fire. What do you say? That she was a member of the church? I cannot help that. When Satan goes a-fishing he does not care what school the fish belong to, whether the speckled Presbyterian trout or an Episcopalian salmon. Amidst the thunder crash of Sinai, God said: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And in Leviticus he says: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer."

Take not into your ear that scum of hell that people call tittle tattle. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought both to be hung, the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, lest, like a pleased dog, he put his dirty paw upon you. Throw back the shutter of your soul, oh Christian men and women, and see if there be within you a vulture with filthy talons and cruel beak. Let not this unclean thing roost in your soul, for my text says: "Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, the vulture."

Again, taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the bat from your soul. No wonder God set this bird among the unclean. It is an offense to every one. Let it fly into the window of a summer night, and all the hands, young and old, are against it. It is half bird and half mouse. It seems made partly to walk and partly to fly, and does neither well; and becomes an emblem of those Christians who try to cling to earth and heaven at the same time. They want to walk on earth in worldliness, and yet fly toward heaven in spirituality; and their soul, between feet and wings, is constantly perplexed. Oh, my brethren, be one thing or the other!

Choose the world, if you prefer it; and see how many dollars you can win, and how much applause you can gain, and how large a business you can establish, and how grand a house you can build, and how fast a span of horses you can drive. You may be prospered until you can fail for $500,000, instead of having the grace to fail for only $10,000 as some unenterprising people do. It is quite a reward to be able for ten or twenty years to be called one of the solid men of Brooklyn or Boston; and then, to make your fortune last as long as possible, we will give you a splendid funeral, and you shall have twenty-five carriages following you with somebody in the most of them, and your coffin shall have silver handles on the sides, and we will mourn for you in splendid pocket handkerchiefs bound with crape, and with bombazine twenty full yards long, trailing half across the parlor, so that all the company may stand upon it, and we will write our letters for the next six months with paper edged with black. But my friends, your worldly fortunes will not last. I will buy out now all that you will be worth in wordly estate seventy-five years from now. I have the money in my pocket with which to do it. Here it is! Two-cents! It is a large sum to offer for all you possess at the close of seventy-five years. Choose the world if you want to; but, if not, then choose heaven. The estate lies partly on this side of the river, but mostly on the other. It is ever accumulating.

"The prospect of it makes one independent of earthly misfortunes; so that Rogers, the martyr, slept so soundly the night before his burning, they violently shook him in order to get him awake in time for the executfon; and Paul exults at the thought of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh, choose earth or heaven! Make up your mind whether you will walk in earthly joys, or fly with heavenly expectations. Be not a bat, fit neither to walk nor fly, having just enough of heaven to spoil the world, and so much of the world as to spoil heaven. Choose but one; for that your present condition nauseates him to positive sickness: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time, in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven you lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other. Tread the earth like a lion, or mount the air like the eagle; for my text says: "Ye shall have in abomination among the fowls, the bat."

Again, taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the chameleon from your soul. There is some difference among good men as to the name of this creeping thing which God pronounced unclean, but I shall take the opinion which seems best suited to my purpose. The chameleon is a reptile, chiefly known by its changeableness of color, taking the color of the thing next to it—sometimes brown, sometimes red, and sometimes gray, but always the color of its surroundings—a type of that class of Christians who are now one thing in religious faith and now another, just to suit circumstances, always taking their color of religious belief from the man they are talking to.

They go to one place, and are first rate Unitarians. "Jesus was a good man, but nothing more." They go to Princeton, and they are Tritarians, almost willing to die for the divinity of Jesus. Among the Universalists they refuse the idea of future punishment; and going among those of opposite belief, announce that there is a hell worse than fire, a worm that makes you think they are glad of it. Drive out this unclean chameleon from your soul. Do not be ever changing the color of your faith. My friends, Liberal Christianity, falsely so called, believes in nothing. God is anything you want to make him. The Bible to be believed in so far as you like. It has been a grand mixing up of Neros and Pauls. The man who died by suicide in his right mind in 1888, beating into glory by ten years the Christian man who dies a Christian death in 1898; the suicide proving himself wiser than the Christian. Oh, my friends, let us try to believe in something. An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said to the father, "Father, shall I believe, you or mother?" Mother took the religion of Christ and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed; shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said: "Choose for yourself." She said: "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother." The time will come when we shall have to believe something. We cannot afford to be on the fence in religion. Truth and error are set opposite to each other. The one is infinitely right, and the other infinitely wrong. In the judgment day we must give an account of what we believed as well as for what we acted.

The difference between believing truth and believing error is the difference between paradise and perdition. I beg you, in the light of the Bible, and on your knees before God, to form your religious opinion and then stick to it. Shallowness, consistency come to scoff, and wits caricature, and the martyr crackles with the fires of martyrdom. Surely truths in behalf of which Christ died, and angels of God trooped forth, and the whole universe is marshaled, are worth living for and worth dying for. Amidst the most unclean things is this ever changing chameleon of religious theory. Away with the reptile! God abhors it with an all consuming abhorrence.

Once more; take the suggestion of the text, and drive out the snail from your soul. God has declared it unclean. It is an animal to be found everywhere between the coldest north and the hottest south. There are fifteen hundred species of the snail. They have no backbone, and they are so slow that their movement is almost imperceptible. You see a snail in one place to-day; go to-morrow and you will find it has advanced only a few inches. It becomes an emblem of that large class of Christian people who go to work with a slowness and sluggishness that is wonderful. They are stopped by every little obstacle, because like the snail, they have no backbone. Others mount up on eagle's wings, but they go at a snail's pace.

Oh, child of God, arouse! We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but not all the family of Christian graces like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples of Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out what you say to Felix," but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together.

In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to go and sin. It is well to hear our commander's voice when he says "Halt!" but quite as important to hear it when he says "Forward!" This Gospel ship, made to plow the sea at fifteen knots an hour, is not making three. Sometimes it is most prudent to ride your horse slowly and pick out the way for his feet, and not strike him with the spurs; but when a band of Shoshone Indians are after you in full tilt, the most prudent thing for you to do is to plunge in the rowels and put your horse to a full run, shouting: "Go 'long!" until the Rocky mountains echo it. The foes of God are pursuing us. The world, the flesh and the devil are after us; and our wisest course is to go ahead at swiftest speed.

When the church of God gets to advancing too fast, it will be time enough to use caution. No need of putting on the brakes while going up hill. Do not let us sit down waiting for something "to turn up," but go ahead in the name of God, and turn it up. The great danger to the church now is not sensation, but stagnation. Oh that the Lord God would send a host of aroused and consecrated men to set the church on fire, and turn the world upside down. Let us go to work and catch the last snail in our souls. With divine vehemence let us stamp its life out; for my text declares: "These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail!"

I have thus tried to prejudice these Christian men and women against gloominess, and slander, and half and half experiences, and changeableness, and sloth. Our opportunities for getting better are being rapidly swallowed up in the remorseless past. A golden Sabbath is about to drop out of the calendar. This moment may we drive out all the unclean things from our souls—the vulture, and the bat, and the owl, and the chameleon, and the snail; and in place thereof bring in the Lamb of God, and the Dove of the Spirit! The case is urgent. Arouse! before it be eternally too late! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it!"

Eyes Ears Nose

Are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, bad breath, and loss of sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health, and builds up the whole system.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to all within my reach." LUTHER D. ROBBINS, East Thompson, Ct.

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines. I was weak, and my eyes were so sore that I could not sew or read much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine that has done me permanent good." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

"I have been troubled with catarrh about a year, causing great soreness of the bronchial tubes, and terrible headache. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and my headache has all disappeared." RICHARD GIBBONS, Hamilton, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

INTERNAL REVENUE.

SHALL THE LAW BE REPEALED?

A Summary of Reasons Why the Internal Revenue Tax on Rum Should be Removed—A Cogent Argument.

LANSING, MICH., Nov. 21.—EDITOR BLADE: —If the best use the government can make of a drunkard is to claim and take a part of the money he squanders for liquor and put it in the treasury and appropriate it for public use, and to give another part, as reward or bounty, to the saloonist, then our internal revenue law is well devised to promote the manufacture of drunkards and turn them to account as a source of revenue.

Before the passage of the act good whisky could easily be obtained at 30 cents a gallon, wholesale; and 40 cents' worth, or a gallon and a third, would make 100 drinks, which, less the cost, gave $4 60 profit. On the passage of the act the price per drink was increased from 5 to 10 cents. Then 100 drinks sold for $10. From this take cost of production, 40 cents, and for revenue and cost of its collection $1.67, and it leaves a clear profit to the saloonist of $7.93—and this is $3.33 more than he got before the law was created.

It is a premium or bounty of one-third of the sales on the top of the profits of the old way of selling. The addition of $3.33 to a small day's labor of selling 100 drinks, was the picture of light work and a fortune. It was as a bounty under the operations of the law to push sales, and stimulated men and women to become saloonists, and by every possible allurement to entice our boys and young men to harbor at their places of business and resort and to become customers and drinking men. As a war expedient, the act worked excellently well in the collection of money to aid in prosecuting the war, and also for years afterward, toward paying the war debt. The sentiment of the people was that the law was doing well in making the evils of intemperance wipe out the debt of war. Politically, the eyes of the people seemed to be engaged at looking at the figures that expressed the great war debt of the nation and its monthly reductions from income of tariff, income from internal revenge, and bonding at lower rates of interest, and at extravagant Congressional appropriations. Yet all the while the common industries of the country were paying a reward of 33⅓ per cent for every drink the saloonist could sell.

Under this continued help for 26 years, the liquor industry grew rapidly in wealth and very strong in power. But it is not to be understood the money is hoarded from circulation. Some saloonists pay out their easy-gotten money lavishly, that they and their families may live in splendor and luxurious ease. Others build palatial residences, employing as much as possible their patrons, and by future sales of liquor getting back their wages. Manufacturers go out for corn and other materials, and wages. While the dealers and protective associations are active in their parts. From the reason that a great part of the money came back into circulation and so slowly disappeared from it, eyes rolled by and it was not noticed and heeded by the common industries that their capital was being transferred over to the liquor industry by virtue of the act of the revenue laws. To be sure whisky was selling at ten cents a drink, but then it was costing five times as much as formerly, and of the money paid for every drink, a part went to reimburse the money the industry had paid into the treasury as revenue; and so it appeared there could not be much left as profit. It could hardly seem otherwise than that the industry was slowly bleeding its life blood, and that it was proper the law should be continued in force, inasmuch as no precepible burden or inconvenience was felt by the people generally.

The law has ever been unjust and oppressive to druggists and a great many other people some of the articles were needed for useful purposes and for which their manufacture and sale is as proper as other necessaries. Formerly good proof liquors could be got at 30 cents a gallon wholesale. Now they are $1.50 to $2 wholesale. (See market quotations.) We will suppose the druggists selects for his common sales that priced $1.50 a gallon. The thing is to pay $25 for license and this will rate just ten cents a gallon on the estimate that he can sell 250 gallons a year. (To the saloonist the rate will be five cents less, as he can easily sell 500 gallons.) To be safe he must add ten cents or more, and for freight, insurance and profits to druggist, in all, making the proper retail price $2 to $2 10—and five times as high as the old retail price, and when better liquor was retailed at three shillings a gallon or ten cents a quart. The present price often prohibits the druggist from making sales, as when ladies want it for making toilet preparations, hair tonics, etc.

Ladies' limited resources are deprived of such things by the rigors of the law. Sick and invalid persons often need liquor, either clear or made up in prescriptions, and it is cruel that they should be made to contribute to the building up of "increased surplus" in the treasury by paying five times the proper price of what they need—and many of the poorer ones are entirely prohibited. Those who want it, or alcohol, for chemical and mechanical purposes, pay similar unjust and oppressive revenue prices, while those who never need it are exempt from paying any similar support to the government.

There are about 30,000 druggists, and their wholesale annual sales may be 250 gallons. [The writer, from several years' experience as a druggist, thinks this is a high estimate, having in mind that a great many druggists are located in places not greater than large villages.] By the estimate, their gross sales would be 7,500,000 gallon. Saloonists also sell for similar purposes, perhaps, 1,500,000 to persons who want it for making camphor spirits, family medicine, horse medicine, etc., or to have in the house ready for emergencies.

Then, for the purpose of being used as a beverage, a very considerable amount is sold by the flask or bottle and some by the jugful. Some is thus obtained of druggists. Some druggists are imposed upon and sell, and others acquiesce in on the statement that it is wanted for medicine. It is not countenanced as good etiquette and the mark of a gentleman to buy by the flask and carry away from the saloon to drink unless on excursions or other plausible excuse. Drinking men are ambitious to be considered liberal, good fellows and drinking by the glass as the etiquette of generosity. It is the penurious, prudent, money-saving men that buy by the bottle and sparingly. Their saving qualities of mind indicate that it would be no good to them the law should stand and let the saloonist take five times more from them than he could get if the law were repealed. They are as good as the saloonist and their money is better to them in their own hands than in his. It is possible 3,000,000 gallons are sold in this way, including high and costly grades obtained of wholesalers and received into the houses of the wealthy and aristocratic.

The difference between buying the foregoing 12,000,000 gallons, at retail in the old way and at retail in the present way is $18,750,000. This is the amount of unjust burden the foregoing classes would be relieved of by the repeal of the liquor revenue law.

The law has deprived our farmers and our farmers' wives of making the antiscorbutic and appetizing pickles, which our soldiers most joyously received in their army life.

The report of the Internal Revenue commissioner is not yet published, but from his reports for the five years ending with 1886, the average number of gallons (domestic manufacture) sold and consumed was 73,672,948. This average will hardly be any less in the future, considering our rapidly increasing population, unless the revenue law be repealed. But our illustrations will be easier to the eye and answer all purposes if we drop down to the even round number of 72,000,000 gallons. Taking from this number the aforesaid 12,000,000, leaves 60,000,000 gallons sold by the drink.

A pint makes eight to twelve drinks. A gallon unwatered may safely be counted to average 75 drinks, and considerably more if watered. Sixty million gallons will make 4,500,000,000 drinks, and sold as in the old way at five cents a drink, the sales amount to $225,000,000; and this less cost at 30 cents a gallon leaves $207,000,000 as old way profits. The same drinks at ten cents a drink amount to $450,000,000; and this less cost at revenue price, $1.55 a gallon, leaves $357,000,000 clear profits to the liquor industry in the present way of selling. These profits are of the common industries of the country, the only source that can supply the money. The difference between the new and old way profits is exactly $150,000,000, and exactly one-third of the sales under the new way. This is the grand bounty conferred under the opportunities of the law. The total profits may be many millions more if the saloonists sell the new, unrefined, strong whiskies that can be got 20 to 30 cents below $1.55. Sixty million gallons watered one gill to the gallon will increase the profits $14,000,000, and the profits from the water come out of the common industries.

In view of the bounty on top of the old way of profits, and including the opportunities to add millions more by selling cheap and watered whisky, the liquor industry will never ask for the repeal of the law. The president, members of congress and all others seeking elevation to office by the votes of the sympathizers of the industry will covertly or openly fight have against it. Without cost the country can supply coming into the treasury from foreign capitalists and importers and make a necessity equal to the amount the liquor industry juggles out of the people into the treasury, then they will vote extravagant appropriations to reduce the surplus to a degree that acquiescence will permit the liquor industry to continue the juggling of the people out of $357,000,000 a year profits for itself and $96,000,000 revenue. The supposition is that beer and tobacco manufacturers derive some favor by the law and that it is not a tax on them, as they do not ask its repeal. The annual revenue on liquors, beer and tobacco is about $120,000,000, and added to the foregoing sum of $150,000,000 to the liquor industry, makes $270,000,000 as the burden the great people would be relieved of by the repeal of the revenue laws and those three industries reduced to self-supporting condition.

The repeal of the law would help the wives and children of drinking men $225,000,000 or half that is deprived from them by the present way of selling; but they would continue to be deprived of the other *half* unless protected by special legislation. Before the law, then every drink a man took deprived his wife and children of five cents, or a loaf of bread. With the law, it deprived them of ten cents, or two cents of bread. The last cent broke up the family. The last loaf broke up hundreds of thousands of families. The repeal of the law will save one loaf. A part of the other loaf may be saved by state law regulating or prohibiting sales by the drink. In states where the sentiment of the people is opposed to strict and entire prohibition, the law may be regulated, as in regulating the price of interest, that no dealer or house shall sell by the glass or drink, or by any kind of measure, the same to be drank on the premises, and take more than two cents pay, nor receive pay for more than three drinks in a day supplied to any one person; so that the profits from drink shall not be made greater than that the industry is satisfied to take when he sells a pen-holder or a sheet of paper for a penny, and by limitation of the number of drinks of a customer that it may not be any more of an object to keep a place for selling by the drink than to keep a peanut-stand.

Lastly comes another project to help the liquor industry. The Mills bill, from hypocrits. It is generally understood they have proposed no change in the revenue law, because the change is apparently so unobjectionable and small as to be counted as nothing. Under the color of generosity to release druggists of $25 for license it releases all the saloonists. But consumers are to pay the $25 no other way because this tariff is abated, no more than they can buy goods cheaper of a foreign capitalist if tariff duties were abated. But the chief point of the change is that it will permit tens of thousands of persons who can muster a few gallons of liquor to start up a corresponding number of saloons here and there all over this broad country, whereby the annual sales and consumption of whisky will be, or may be, increased many millions of gallons. And the common industries will have to pay to the liquor industry the additional profits and bounty—for the money can come only from the sources that supply it.

The present profits, $357,000,000, may be carried up by the Mills change to become $400,000,000. This would make an average annual burden of $40 to each taxpaying voter. Even if Cleveland, and Mills and others who played so high for the vote of the sympathizers and friends of the liquor industry, could possibly reduce the tariff, say $66,000,000, and the people get their goods that much cheaper, what follows? What the outcome?

The purchase money went to Europe and not a cent of the transaction into the treasury. The next thing is to raise $66,000,000 for the treasury to pay toward the current expenses of government, etc., etc. The leaders of the liquor industry say to these Cleveland-Mills reducers of tariff, "we will advance $66,000,000 into the treasury to fill the vacancy you have made by your reduction of tariff if you will bind the government to buy of us 60,000,000 gallons of whisky at ten cents a drink, payable as the drinks are called for, and also pay for 12,000,000 gallons wanted by druggists and others the sum of $18,000,000 payable as the liquor is wanted." And the law becomes the bond that the people shall pay $468,000,000 for the liquor in return for the $66,000,000 revenue the liquor industry paid into the treasury to fill the vacancy made by the reduction of tariff. Sooner than that the tariff be thus mangled to the interest of the liquor industry and against the interest of all the common industries and general welfare of the people the Republican party resolved the internal revenue acts shall be abolished. And it is hopeful there will be enough good men in the next Congress who will do so if the general business sense of the people shall appear to be in favor of their abolishment.

S. D. NEWMAN.

BLAINE DOESN'T WANT IT.

He Thinks the Young Men Ought to Have a Chance in the Cabinet.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—"I am confident," said a close friend of Mr. Blaine to-day, "that Blaine will not be in Gen. Harrison's Cabinet, and Gen. Harrison would hardly offer him a place with the expectation of a refusal. That would rather cheapen a Cabinet position. The fact is, Mr. Blaine's health is so uncertain that it would not be wise for him to take any place that required hard work and responsibility. Blaine's own idea is that Gen. Harrison should select young men for his advisers and let the older ones take back seats. The young men are going to fight the battle of the future for the party, and they should be given the command. Mr. Blaine is perfectly willing to retire himself, and of course that would eliminate John Sherman from the list also. William McKinley, of Ohio, may become secretary of State if the new deal for younger blood is made."

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Those Big Sunflowers.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am now prepared to report the big sunflowers. I have prepared a quantity sufficient to supply all I promised, and have healed them in for the winter, preparing to care for them myself until it is time in the spring to transplant them. Then I will forward six good, sound roots of the Ancient Briton placentur to the following named persons by mail.

Mrs. E. M Pease reports one 17 inches and one 19 inches. Dated at Weaver's Corners, Nov. 13, 1888. No state no territory.

J. Y. Winick, Indian, Kan., reports one 17 inches in diameter.

Mr McGrevey, McPharon, Pa., reports one 16 inches in diameter.

E. W. Buss, Erie, Pa., reports one 16 inches in diameter.

So I must award the prizes to J. Y. Wineck, Indian, Kansas.

As Mr. McGrevey, McPharon, Pa., and E. W. Buss, Erie, Pa., have reported, each, one of the same. I will consider them each entitled to the prizes and will act accordingly.

If Mrs. E. M. Pease will give me her full address I will consider her one of the winners.

Levi Barnes, Stillwell, O., reports one 17 inches in diameter, and is entitled to six blackberry roots.

Five awards in place of three.—EDWIN REYNOLDS, Metomen, Wis.

Several have reported 13, 14 and 15 inches in diameter, others have furnished no witnesses, but I take it for granted all made honest efforts, and I have considered them accordingly. If I have committed any error in making this report I wish to be apprized of it, and I will try to make satisfaction.

Some have said in closing their reports hurrah for Harrison and Morton. I hurrah for Sackville.—E. R

Foot Rot in Cow.

EDITOR BLADE:—I see in my last BLADE, under the heading "Information Wanted," "Foot Rot in Cow," answer to "N. H. M." Campbellville, Ky. Your recipe may be verd good, but I will give one, for I am willing to give of that which I know to those who are as anxious to learn as I am. Here is a simple and easier cure for foot rot in cow: Take pocket knife and pare between the hoof, so as to start blood. This I never knew to fail. I have used the knife on my father's and my own cows for twenty years.

Three years since I was driving past a neighbor's, who prided in a nice daily, and I saw in a field alone a cow so lame and poor she could hardly stir. I inquired the cause and learned she was one of his best, that she had been reduced from a state of hog fatness to her present condition by lameness of long standing. I recommended the jack-knife cure and learned in a few days after that the poor beast was gaining rapidly.—SILAS F. BROWN, Millbrook place, N. Y.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Swelled Hind Legs in Mare.

D. W. T., Miltonvale, Kansas: Your horse is affected with a trouble known as œdema. To treat, give one of the following powders night and morning: Sulphate of iron, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian, ½ oz.; nitrate of potash, 1 oz. Mix and divide into 16 powders. Give good, nourishing food, but no corn. Hand-rub the legs two or three times a day, and when in the stable, wrap the legs, not too tight, with four-inchs wide flannel bands. If your stable is warm, common muslin, doubled will answer. Give gentle exercise.

May Be Sprained.

W. B. B., Sabula, Pa.: Your mare is certainly not suffering from stifle. Where a horse is stifled there is dislocation of the pastella. You say that she does not appear lame until she travels a mile. This leads me as if your mare is suffering from spint or sidebones. You should be perfectly sure of the fact that she is not troubled with sprain of the lower tendons, spint or sidebones before applying anything over the stifle joint. If you are certain that such is not the case mention it, and I will be glad to tell you how to do. Make a lather of soap and warm water. This may be done by dipping a bunch of tow rags or oakum in hot water and laying it on, keeping it damp, but not so wet as to have the water running down the leg. After the inflammation is reduced, take of tincture of opium, ½ oz.; arnica, 1 oz.; spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; vinegar, 4 oz. Mix well. Apply over the part affected. This should be kept up for at least a week. Give the animal absolute rest, if possible, for about two weeks, and after that give light work for a month. If this does not have the desired effect, rub with iodine, ½ oz.; glycerine, ½ oz.; mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; olive oil, 6 ozs. Mix well together, and apply a little twice a day.

Cholera-Proof Hogs.

L. B. P., Millwood: We know of no cholera-proof hogs. Live stock powders of different kinds are on the market—some good, others bad. Whether the person to whom you refer is a fraud or not, we can not say, not knowing him. He may or may not be reliable.

Mud Fever.

A. S., Fife Lake, Michigan: Your horse is troubled with mud fever. Keep the animal in the stable if possible for a few days, while under treatment. If you cannot do this, keep him out of wet and mud. Give each Buchanan's alterative, 2 drams; rosin, 3 drachms; nitre, 3 drachms; ginger, 2 drachms; castile soap, 2 drachms. Beat up into a well incorporated mass and give as one bolus. Wash the leg with warm soap-suds water, dry the leg, and wash twice a day with this: Acetate of lead, ½ oz.; sulphate of copper, ½ oz. Mix in a pint of water. When the swelling begins to leave the legs and become scaly, dress with vaseline.

Cow With Foot-Rot.

C. S., Fort Madison, Washington Territory: Foul claw in cattle results from some foreign substance that gets lodged between the claws, overgrowth of the hoof, and at times a scrofulous condition of the animal. Where there is scrofula, it is usually associated with consumption. Begin by clearing all extraneous matter between the claws. Cut away all the loose horn. Poultice the foot with linseed meal or bran for not less than 12 hours. If pus has formed, syringe with carbolic acid and water, 1 to 10. Dip linen rags in this and insert between the claws. In two or three days, apply the following with a brush, or feather, and cover the part with tow dipped in it: Chloride of zinc, 10 to 20 grains; water, 1 oz. The diseased slough may be removed by touching with a pencil of nitrate of silver.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ohio Official Crop Report.

The Ohio crop report, November, 1888, published by the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, has the following estimates of acreage, product and condition of crops in Ohio November 1, 1888, based on reports from the regular township correspondents, and careful percentage comparison for area sown and bushels produced:

Wheat.—Sown for harvest of 1888, 2,454,140 acres.

Average product per acre, estimated from threshers' reports, 11.6 bushels.

Total estimated product, crop of 1888, 28,306,207 bushels.

Sown for next year's harvest, compared with that for harvest of 1888, 90 per cent.

Estimated area sown for harvest of 1889, 2,259,866.

Condition, compared with full average condition, 87 Per cent.

Average date of seeding, September 24.

Condition of soil at time of seeding, good.

Barley.—Sown, compared with last year, 84 per cent.

Condition, compared with full average 94 per cent.

Corn.—Average product for the state, 90,869,137 bushels.

Prospect compared withe average, 90 per cent.

Estimated product for 1888, 90,423,821 bushels.

Buckwheat—Prospect compared with full average, 79 per cent.

Clover seed.—Prospect compared with a full average, 69 per cent.

Potatoes.—Estimated product per acre, 95 bushels.

Apples.—Product compared with a full average, 94 per cent.

Hops.—Condition compared with a full average, 96 per cent.

Number for fattening, compared with last year, 83 per cent.

Farmers using commercial fertilizers on wheat crop, 26 per cent.

The wheat area sown this fall for next year's harvest, as compared with the amount sown last year, is, for the state, to be about 10 per cent less, in other words, 194,334 acres less, representing at a low average yield per acre about two millions of bushels.

That there is a shortage of both winter and spring wheat crop of America, is acknowledged by all. Yet is certain, too, that the European situation is not hopeful, and buyers there acknowledge a deficit, and anticipate an advance in prices.

The prospect of any surplus of winter wheat from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois is poor. Kentucky and Tennessee are the only wheat states offering any surplus. The spring wheat of the Northwest is not only short but of low grade. So, taking the country at large, the supply of milling wheat is exceedingly short. With no reserves of either spring or winter wheat, and with a prospect for a strong foreign demand it is not probable that prices will permanently decline until another good crop has been produced.

Hogs.—The condition of hogs is reported good, but there is a scarcity compared even with the small supply of last year.

The corn crop is large enough to insure proper feeding of the hogs on hand, but that number is not great because of the short crop of corn last year, leading farmers to sell off sows and sheats. The demand for breeding stock, and the strong prices paid, shows that farmers are preparing to increase their output next year. Though disease is reported in several counties, it is not cutting much of a figure in reducing the stock that will be put on the market. The crop of hogs will not go in before January, as farmers will feed them longer because corn is plenty, and much of it is rather damp to crib safely.

Clover Seed.—The outlook for clover seed in Ohio is better than in the states, east or west. Drouth and clover seed midge have greatly reduced the crop in the East. The fall has not been favorable for saving the seed in Ohio, as the frequent rains made it impossible to thresh.

Ohio Agricultural Commission.

The 49th annual Ohio agricultural convention will be held at Columbus Wednesday, January 16, 1889.

The president of each county agricultural society in the state, or his duly authorized representative, constitute the delegates in the convention, though the friends of agriculture generally are invited to be present and participate in the discussions. It is earnestly desired that every county will be represented.

In the evening an election will be held to fill the vacancies in the Ohio State Board of Agriculture caused by the expiration of the terms of the following members: John Pow, Columbiana county; J. H. Brigham, Fulton county; S. H. Hurst, Ross county; H. G. Tryon, Lake county; J. M. Black, Licking county.

The central institute will be in session at Columbus, Tuesday January 15, and Thursday, January 17, 1889.

Experience With Anticides.

Bulletin No 39, from the department of entomology of the Michigan Agricultural college, contains an admirable account of the summer's experiments with insecticides. It has been demonstrated that it pays to spray apple trees with London purple to protect the fruit from the codling moth. The spraying should begin as soon as the blossoms have fallen. If the poison is applied earlier it endangers bees and other insects which help to distribute the pollen, and may do harm to the blossoms. One application is enough unless a heavy rain follows, when it is well to spray a second time. One pound of the purple to 100 gallons of water is strong

WASHINGTON.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

The Annual Report of Commissioner Joseph F. Miller.

WASHINGTON, November 26.—The annual report of Joseph S. Miller, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has been given to the press. The report covers not only the operations of the bureau during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, but includes some very interesting comparative tables relating to production in past years as well as additional information relating to the work of the office during the first quarter of the current fiscal year.

Mr. Miller's report shows that internal revenue receipts from all sources during the past fiscal year were $124,326,475, or nearly four and a half millions more than his estimate. His estimate of receipts for the current year is $125,000,000, providing that no changes are made in existing rates of taxation. The cost of collection during the past year aggregated $3,978,283, being less than 3 2-5 per cent. of the amount collected, against 3 1-10 in 1887. The estimate expenses of the service for the next fiscal year are put down at $4,135,280.

TOBACCO.

During the past year tobacco and its manufactures yielded $39,662,431 revenue, against $30,108,067 during the preceding year; spirits, $69,306,166, against $65,829,321 in 1887, and fermented liquors, $23,324,218 last year, against $21,022,187 the year before. The revenue from oleomargarine during the past year amounted to $9,804,139, and for the eight months in 1886 and 1887, when the tax was first placed on it, it aggregated $723,948. During the past year 518 illicit distilleries were seized and removed or destroyed and one officer, Deputy United States Marshal Trammel, of Arkansas, was killed. The year previous there were 456 seizures.

The production of tobacco, snuff, cigars and cigarettes during the year, compared with the previous year, is stated as follows: Tobacco, 201,925,613 pounds; snuff, 7,436,989 pounds; total, tobacco and snuff, 209,362,602 pounds; increase over the last fiscal year, 2,883,081 pounds; tobacco and snuff exported, 13,504,227 pounds; total production for the fiscal year 1888, 222,866,829 pounds; total production for the fiscal year 1887, 220,228,454 pounds; total increase over the fiscal year 1887, 2,638,375 pounds. Cigars, number, 3,844,726,650; cigarettes, number, 1,802,726,100; total, 5,707,452,750; increase over last fiscal year, 334,642,107; cigars exported, 143,625; cigarettes exported, 180,769,800; total product for the fiscal year 1887, 5,514,640,993; increase, 769,656,289.

DISTILLED SPIRITS.

The statistics presented relating to distilled spirits show that the production and and deposit in warehouses for the year to have been 76,239,908 gallons, or 7,552,193 gallons less than during the preceding year. There was an increase of nearly 5,000,000 in the production of alcohol, rum, gin and pure spirits, and a decrease of 9,500,000 in the production of bourbon and 1,500,000 gallons of rye whisky. There were 70,541,811 gallons of spirits withdrawn, tax paid, from warehouses during the year, which is 4,358,568 gallons more than was drawn during the preceding year; or, if the 2,635,792 gallons of exported domestic spirits reimported during the year upon the payment of a customs duty equal to the internal revenue tax be added, the quantity virtually withdrawn from distillery warehouses during the year is found to be 73,177,603 gallons, or 4,777,635 more than during the year 1887, including the 2,216,645 gallons reimported and tax paid during that year. Removals in bond for export during the year amounted to 1,514,205 gallons, against 2,223,913 gallons during the preceding year.

There remained in distillery warehouses at the close of the fiscal year, in round numbers, 61,000,000 gallons of spirits; at the close of 1887, 65,000,000 gallons; at the close of 1886, 58,000,000; at the close of 1885, 55,000,000, and at the close of 1884, 63,500,000.

There were 3,646 distilleries, 1,029 of which were grain distilleries, operated during the year. North Carolina had the highest number in operation, 1,165; West Virginia came next with 911; Kentucky, 351; California, 247; Tennessee, 128; Georgia, 113; New Jersey, 76; New York, 59; Illinois, 37; Indiana, 33.

The quantity of grain used in the production of spirits during the year was 16,122,869 bushels, a decrease of 1,830,056 bushels from the amount used in the preceding fiscal year, and 4,898,273 bushels less than the average (21,020,782 bushels) for the last ten years. The number of gallons of spirits produced from grain during the year, 68,388,100, shows a decrease of 7,586,216 gallons from the product of the preceding year, and is 13,514,318 gallons less than the average product, 81,902,477 gallons, for the last ten years.

TAX ON PETIT BRANDY.

In reference to the proposition to repeal the tax on fruit brandies, distilled from any kind of fruit, Commissioner Miller says that it appears to be probable that the relief of this article from taxation would lead to the utilization of a large number of different fruits for the distillation of spirits, and to the production of an additional volume of such spirits, which might reasonably be expected to have an appreciable effect upon the tax paid grain and molasses spirits with which it would be brought into competition. Under the present law, which practically confines the brandy producer to the use of apples, peaches or grapes, and despite the endeavor to exercise as close a supervision as it has been found practicable to apply to a business carried on by so many individuals and scattered over so large an area, it is supposed that the considerable percentage of the product escapes tax; and this amount is the subject on complaint from the distillers of whiskies, who declare that it is perceptibly felt in some places. The commissioner believes that in addition to this fraudulent quantity of the whole legitimate product of fruit brandy should be put upon the regular tax free, and this should again be swollen by the unrestricted use, not only of apples, peaches and grapes, but of any and all other fruit, under the inducement offered of competition with whisky and rum loaded with a tax of 90 cents a gallon, the grievance to the whisky producers would prove not to be an imaginary one. So the reduction in the revenue by the abolition of the tax upon fruit brandy is to be measured by the subtraction of the present collections from that source. A considerably larger amount would, in all probability, be lost, while mischief to the revenue service and increased difficulties in the enforcement of the law as to grain and molasses spirits, out of all proportion to the amount of tax surrendered, might be seriously apprehended.

The subject of methylated spirits the commissioner says: Inquiry having been made at this office by members of Congress as to the practicability of withdrawing spirits from distillery warehouses, free of tax, for use in the mechanical arts, and protecting the revenue against the fraud by methylating the spirits in bonded warehouses established for the purpose, the microscopist of this office was requested to make experiments in the chemical laboratory for the purpose of ascertaining whether such spirit could be demethylated.

It appears from his report that he has succeeded, by the use of a small still, in separating the methyl or wood alcohol from the ethyl or taxable alcohol, and in deodorizing a portion of the ethyl alcohol through the use of bone-back and other chemical substances. It may be urged if the demethylation cannot be accomplished without the use of a still, the operator is readily liable to detection because of the special surveillance required by the internal revenue in the matter of stills and distilling, but I do not take this view of the case. The internal revenue laws do not prohibit the use of stills by persons other than distillers of spirits, and, as a matter fact, many druggists and others use stills on their premises. It is true that these laws prohibit the making of a mash fit for the distillation of spirits, except on a premises of a distiller, brewer or vinegar manufacturer, but he also true that the process of mashing is readily discoverable by the peculiar smell which pervades the premises on which the business is conducted, but the process of demethylation does not involve any process of mash or fomenting or the use of the large still, while even the smallest distillers who produce spirits from a mash are compelled to use.

The still used in this office is among the smallest of stills which druggists and others not distillers are permitted to use.

OLEOMARGARINE.

The commissioner devotes considerable space to oleomargarine, its production, manufacture and taxation; 34,557,527 pounds were produced at manufactories during the year, and 21,694,627 between November 1, 1886, the day on which the oleomargarine law took effect, and June 10, 1887. There appears he says, to have been a small increase in production during the year, and the demand for consumption at home and abroad is increased. A considerable decrease in the number of manufacturers as well as wholesale and retail dealers is reported.

Commenting on this Commissioner Miller says that the decrease in the number of special taxpayers has become a subject of great solicitude to this office, as it may be partly due to fraud and adds:

"The statement (appended to the report) as to the production and use of oleo oil shows that more than 27,000,000 pounds, out of a product during the year of 69,000,000 pounds of this substance, invented for the sole purpose of being used in the manufacture of a butter substitute, was neither exported nor used as shown by reports at this office in the manufacture of oleomargarine. The question as to what actually becomes of this material will never be satisfactorily answered until the manufacturers thereof are compelled to account for it with the same particularity as they are required to account for the article subject to tax. It is doubtless used in the manufacture of some food product, such, for instance, as cheese. It can not be economically used as a lubricant, in the face of the fact that its market price is nearly double the price of tallow.

THE LAST SESSION.

Congressmen Preparing for the Dying Days of the Present Congress.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Next Monday Congress will reconvene. Members have begun to come into the city to get their houses in order for the session, but a few only are here yet. Most of them, having been actively in the campaign, have had no time for their private matters at home, and they will have to devote their time up to the last moment to the business they have neglected. Up to yesterday there were only about eighteen representatives in the city and probably something over half a dozen senators. Speaker Carlisle has telegraphed that he will get here earlier than he at first thought possible. His arrival is looked for on the 27th. Mr. Randall's physicians fixed the 1st of January as the date on which he could resume work, but he has improved so much of late that he hopes to get permission to resume his labors, with moderation, on the reassembling of Congress.

There has been no time for extensive repair on either wing of the capitol. There has been a very general washing and scrubbing, however. The desks of the senators and representatives have been cleaned and revarnished, the carpets have been taken up, cleaned and replaced the paints have been touched up and are still being gone over wherever they needed it particularly. New brass rails or fenders have been put in front of the large oil paintings in the rotunda, and water coolers for the benefit of the public are being set in the walls, in the main corridors, on each floor. This is about the extent of the work. There has been no time for anything not absolutely necessary.

INTER-STATE COMMISSION.

The Commissioners Will Submit an Elaborate Report to Congress When It Convenes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—The report of the inter-state commerce commission will be submitted to congress on the day that body convenes, a week from to-day. It will be as comprehensive and concise as a thorough review of the subject will permit. The appendices will be full and will contain such information as relates to uniform classification and subjects of a similar nature which could not properly be included in the body of the report. It is the desire of the commissioners to incorporate selections from the annual reports of all the railway lines in the country, but unfortunately not more than two-thirds of this data is at present obtainable. The remainder will be printed as the supplemental report a few months ago.

Judge Cooley explains the necessity for this by saying that the system of accounts kept by the various roads differ so widely that it is not always possible to secure the information which the commission desires at a given time. Another source of embarassment consists in the fact that the data furnished by some of the roads is not always accurate, and the correction of this involves the expenditure of considerable time and trouble. The body of the report is now practically finished.

Our Navy Constructed Upon Plans Which Will Prove a Failure—But it was English, You-Know.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—A disagreeable piece of news comes across the water to the effect that the stern of the English gun boat Scout sunk considerably and that the keel frame shows signs of weakness. This sign of structural weakness acquires importance from the fact that the new gunboats Yorktown, Bennington and others recently built for our navy, are patterned closely upon the English model which now shows signs of failure.

OUR FINANCES.

Report of Treasurer Hyatt for the Last Fiscal Year.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—United States Treasurer Hyatt, in his annual report of the operations during the year and the condition of the treasury at the close of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1888, reports the net revenue of the government for the year $379,266,074, and the net expenditures $267,924,801, the surplus receipts available for the reduction of the public debt being $111,341,273, an increase of $7,870,175 over the year before. As compared with 1887 the revenues were $7,862,797 greater and the expenditures $7,378 less. The treasury balance increased during the year from $69,224,379 to $129,804,242. The net change of $60,579,863 in the balance was produced by an increase of $37,526,468 in the assets and a decrease of $23,053,394 in the liabilities.

The silver balance fell off more than $27,000,000. The principal increase of assets was in the United States notes and deposits in national banks. The principal decrease of liabilities in the public debt and the funds for the redemption of national bank notes. There was a net decrease of $74,798,920 during the fiscal year in the principal of the interest-bearing debt. The total purchases on bonds for the sinking fund and out of surplus revenues were $61,464,600; the net premium paid, exclusive of accrued interest, being $8,270,842 46.

The gold and silver coin and bullion in the country and all kinds of notes and certificates outstanding on June 30, 1887, amounted to $1,925,259,882, and on June 30, 1888, to $2,093,562,072. The stock of gold and silver increased during the year from $1,007,513,901 to $1,092,391,690 35, mostly in gold.

The increase in the volume of the paper circulation was $84,342,400, resulting from an increase of $110,319,955 in the amount of certificates and a falling off of $26,895,554 55 in the total of notes and fractional currency. The redemption of United States notes at the treasury during the year amounted to $63,352,000. Since the resumption of specie payments only $26,736,454 have been redeemed in gold. With the increase of coin certificates, of which there are now more than of legal tenders, the importance of the latter in the circulation has declined. The denominations below $10 are being displaced by silver certificates, and those above $100 largely by gold certificates. The volume of gold certificates outstanding increased $20,536,333, reaching $142,023,150, the highest point yet noted at the end of the fiscal year. Taking into account the decrease of the amount in the treasury, the total increase of the circulation was $29,901,143.

There were issued $105,896,000 of silver certificates, mostly of the denominations of $10 and under, and $21,947,378 were redeemed. The amount outstanding increased from $145,563,550 to $229,491,772. The increase in the actual circulation was $58,431,707. It had been impossible to meet the demand for the denominations of $1 and $2, and in consequence their issue was suspended between October 18, 1887, and February 3, 1888. Since the latter date the treasurer has been able most of the time to furnish them as they have been asked for.

The coinage of silver dollars during the year amounted to $32,484,673, making the total coinage $299,424,790. The increase of the net distribution was only $39,156. Owing to the scarcity of $1 and $2 notes and the demand for the movement of crops, nearly $9,000,000 were drawn into circulation between May and November, 1887, but when the notes were again to be had the dollars came back to the treasury as fast as they had gone out.

The Treasurer is of the opinion that the people have all of these coins that they want or are willing to take, and recommends that if the purchases of silver are to continue the bullion be put into the form of heavy bars or ingots, arguing that the present supply of silver dollars will be sufficient for any demand there is likely to be for them, and any increase of the certificate circulation could be based with perfect safety on the uncoined metal.

The amount of fractional silver coin in the treasury has not changed much since the first accumulation after the resumption of the specie payment. Of a little more than $26,000,000 held on June 30, 1888, $20,500,000 was in half dollars and only $5,500,000 in other pieces.

The treasurer points out that this proportion, which does not vary much from year to year, is excessive, and that something like $15,000,000 in fifty cent pieces that are not needed for circulation will doubtless have to be carried by the treasury until they are re-coined into other denominations or absorbed by the growth of business.

At the close of the year the treasurer held $178,312,650 of United States bonds to secure national bank circulation and $56,128,000 to secure public moneys held by depository banks. There was a decrease during the year of $13,654,050 in the amount of the former, and an increase of $29,642,500 in the amount of the latter. There was $58,512,511 of public money held by the banks, an increase of $35,395,633.

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LESTER WALLACK'S "MEMORIES,"
THE RAILROAD ARTICLES,
CONTRIBUTIONS BY
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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH,
GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN,
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,
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POLITICAL.

PRIVATE SECRETARY.

General Harrison Takes the Managing Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 22.—The President elect has tendered Elijah W. Hartford, managing editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, the position of private secretary.

Mr. Hartford is 45 years of age, and came from England when a child. He was for a few years private secretary to the late Senator Morton.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

A Conservative View Taken—No Fraud Will Be Tolerated by Either Party.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—No sensible man here gives any credence to the sensational stories telegraphed daily from here that the Democrats are planning to steal the House. The only foundation for the stories is the fact that many Democrats will not yet concede that the House is Republican, but insist that, with several districts in doubt, the chances are favorable to their having a majority of one. They are pretty certain that neither party will give it up until the official count is declared in each and every district.

A shrewd business man like Gorman, who is really the Democratic boss, would not think of resorting to any method of capturing the House that was not strictly legal on its face. Some of the officers of the House point out the acknowledged defeat of Boston, of North Carolina, in a district that has been regarded as safely Democratic, and say that if they were thinking of stealing the House they would certainly have begun there. They point this out as one evidence of good faith. They protest that because a district in the south may be in doubt that is no reason for the assumption at once that the Republican is elected.

The real danger lies in the possibility that the official certificates will show a Democratic majority of one or two. The Republicans, knowing that many of the Democrats have been counted in by gross frauds, will, under such circumstances, hesitate very naturally about allowing the consummation of the frauds. A very serious situation might arise from both parties claiming the organization. But the chances are that this may be avoided by the Democrats not making a very desperate fight to keep control. Many of them are disposed to regard it as to their advantage to be in the minority, and taking a fair view of it there is every probability that the Republicans will organize the House with a majority of from 5 to 7, and that the Democrats will gracefully accept the situation.

Col. Ike Hill, acting sergeant-at-arms of the House, said this morning that the latest receive by him was that the House stood 162 to 162, with the election of Evans, of Tennessee, in doubt.

"But I'll bet $10," said the genial Ike, "that Bates, the Democrat, will receive the certificate. Col. Hill said the Democratic party didn't have the nerve nor courage to do what Senator Quay charges them with wanting to do. They will never attempt what Quay says. Why, they are afraid to claim what they've already."

FUTURE OF MR. BLAINE.

Now Said That He Would Like to Go Back to the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—A letter has been received here from an intimate friend of James G. Blaine, in which the writer speaks by authority of the plans and intentions of the Maine statesman. He says that at no time has Mr. Blaine entertained an idea of going into Mr. Harrison's Cabinet; that no word on the subject of the personnel of the new President's official family has ever passed between the two men; and that Mr. Blaine has no idea of intimating, either directly or indirectly, that he desires a place in the Cabinet. On the contrary, Blaine has no desire whatever of accepting any place in the gift of the President.

It is added that Mr. Blaine entered the campaign purely as a Republican desiring the success of his party, and that all the political preferment that he desires is such as the legislature of the state of Maine can give him. From this it is understood that Mr. Blaine is anxious to re-enter the senate vice of his state as a senator, and that in the event of a vacancy he will appear as a candidate for one of the seats in the senate.

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON.

He Makes a Hasty Trip to Washington—An Interesting Chat With the Next President of the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Vice President-elect Levi P. Morton, accompanied by Mrs. Morton, is spending the day in Washington. They came over from New York last night and expect to return to-morrow morning.

To all Associated Press reporter Mr. Morton stated that his visit was for the purpose of inspecting his large apartment now approaching completion on the site of the residence occupied by him during his previous stay in Washington, corner Fifteenth and H streets.

He had not before seen the building, and he came now at the request of the architect to note the progress of the work.

"When do you expect to visit Gen. Harrison?" was asked.

"I do not know; that has not been settled yet. It will depend on the mutual convenience of the parties."

Mr. Morton desired to be as free from public notice as possible during his stay, and for that reason did not, as usual, stop at any of the hotels, but is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Hodson, on N street. Upon politics he had nothing to say. The Vice-President-elect bears every appearance of perfect health.

The President-Elect.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 27.—President-elect had but few callers yesterday. Among them George A. Neal, of Oscoia, Mo.; ex-Senator W. J. Sewell, New Jersey, called early in the afternoon, and in the evening, with his wife and daughter, were the guests of Gen. and Mrs. Harrison at tea.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A Card from Chairman Cowden, of the State Committee—He Claims Goff's Election.

WHEELING, Nov. 22.—Chairman Cowden, of the Republican state committee, prints a card this morning in answer to the Democratic charges of fraud on the part of Republicans, in which he says that in all the counties in which frauds are charged by the Democratic committee, the election machinery and returning boards are in the hands of the Democrats.

He adds that he is prepared to prove, and will prove at the proper time and place, that all kinds of violation of law were committed in the interest of the Democratic party.

He claims Goff's election as Governor.

The Democratic committee will ask the courts to prevent the issuing of certificates of election to the Republican congressmen-elect.

A MAJORITY OF NINE.

Chairman Quay's Estimate of the Next House.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Senator Quay, chairman of the national Republican committee, said to-day that the Republicans would have a majority of nine in the next House.

New York Official.

ALBANY, Nov. 24.—The electoral vote of New York state as canvassed by state board of canvassers is as follows, the highest and lowest number of votes received by any elector being given: Electoral—Republican, 650,337; Democratic, 635,965; Prohibition, 30,281; Socialist, 2,068; Union Labor, 626; United Labor, (electors at large), 2,608.

South Carolina, Official.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 24.—The official returns of the state are: Cleveland, 65,825; Harrison, 13,740; Democratic majority, 52,085.

The total vote is 11,882 less than four years ago, and the Democratic majority is 4,045 greater. Democratic congressmen are elected in the seven districts of the state.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Causes Which Make or Break Many Men's Chances.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Representative Cannon may have to build a platform around his great name if he wants to be Speaker of the next House. An old member to-day in running over the Speakers past and prospective said that to be so well known as Joe Cannon would surely hurt his chances. There was a feeling that the dignity of the House demanded some men with fewer elements of personal popularity and more austerity of character than was implied in the familiar title of Joe.

Since the time of Henry Clay, he said, no one who could be unanimously voted a good fellow had been Speaker. When Galusha A. Grow presided over the House he was sometimes called "Grimsh," but when Grow was chosen no one had given him that name. Besides, he was a member. Colfax had no nickname. During his years of service on the floor nobody ever thought of calling Mr. Blaine Jim Blaine, and when he became Speaker there was little approach at undue familiarity by any members. When the Democrats captured the House in 1874 they chose Michael C. Kerr to preside. In all his career this able and amiable Congressman was never called Mike Kerr.

Samuel Sullivan Cox, who was then and afterwards a candidate for the place, was actually hurt by his nicknames of "Sunset" and "Sammy." Samuel J. Randall was afterwards called Sam Randall by his opponents, but it never was used with that inflection of voice which means good fellowship. In his own party he had always been given his full name. J. Warren Keifer's habit of parting his hair in the middle proved to be a help to him when the Republicans in the Forty-seventh Congress came near splitting on the Speakership and had to compromise on a reserve candidate. Speaker Carlisle was never known as "Johnny" Carlisle among his schoolmates. His lifelong friends always call him John.

These historical evidences may enable Representative Cannon to save himself in time by henceforth refusing to recognize any one who addresses him by a shorter title than Joseph. His case is not entirely desperate because some of his rivals are also handicapped. Thomas B. Reed is rarely spoken of in Congress except as "Tom Reed," while Maj. Butterworth wouldn't know who was meant if some one called him Benjamin instead of Ben. However, Maj. William McKinley wouldn't be recognized as "Bill" McKinley. But if the name is to prove the watchword of success Burrows, of Michigan, will probably get the prize. He is never introduced other than as Julius Cæsar Burrows. There is something in that name which will appeal strongly to new members who have large notions concerning the dignity of the House.

ABOUT THE SOUTH.

A Letter From General Harrison on an Important Subject.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Nov. 27.—The Greenville *Daily News* to-day prints a letter recently received by it from General Harrison and published by his permission. It was written in reply to a letter urging that Southern commercial interests would be relieved from obstructions caused by doubts and fears regarding the Southern policy of the coming administration if General Harrison would make some general assurances of his purpose to follow a conservative course toward the South, and is as follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 14.

A. B. Williams, Esq., Greenville, S. C.:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 10th has been received.

"I am not ready to make any public utterances upon any public question.

"Every day I am solicited by special correspondents of the press to speak upon this subject, but I have invariably declined, and to your appeal for some expression upon the question that interests you I must for the present make the same answer.

"I understand that you have yourself been satisfied with the expressions made by me in my public utterances to visiting delegations during the campaign. When the surprise and disappointment, which some of your people have felt over the result has passed away, and they give some calm thought to the situation, I think they will be as much surprised as I am that they should, in thought or speech, impute to me unfriendliness toward the South.

"The policies in legislation advised by the Republican party, I believe, are wholesome for the whole country, and if those who in their hearts believe with us upon these questions would act with us, some other questions that give you local concern would settle themselves. Very truly yours, BENJAMIN HARRISON."

NO MISFIT COFFIN FOR HER.

An Eccentric Widow Who Passes Away After Idle Threats in Trying on Her Coffin—A Peculiar Case.

WILMINGTON, Mass., Nov. 24.—(Special.)—There is one lady in this part of the country who enjoys "trying on" new coffins. The eccentric individual is the pretty millionaire widow of the late eccentric Dr. Hiller. Her deceased husband was content to have his coffin placed in the house where he could see it and guard it from injury. She can't get along without lying in her costly casket every week or so. This is the manner in which she ascertains the "fit" of the coffin:

Rising very early she takes a bath and robing herself in the finest of lace underclothing she puts on an expensive white satin dress which she has made for her burial robe. Her hair is combed away from her forehead and fairly sparkles with diamonds.

Throwing a mantle over her finery she rides away to the workshop. A large mirror is suspended from the ceiling directly over the coffin. Under the mirror and above the pulleys is a snow-white silk hammock in which she is placed by her attendants.

When all is ready she gives the signal and the hammock and its contents are let down into the carved mahogany coffin. Here Mrs. Hiller lies for several minutes looking up into the mirror overhead, and giving orders as to details of laying out. When everything is arranged to suit her she says:

"I wish I could die now. Then I should know that everything would be all right. This waiting is tedious."

Having been fitted to her coffin she is raised out again, gets out of the hammock, goes home and changes her clothes.

White Frosts at Jacksonville.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 27.—A heavy white frost last night covering the roofs, lawns and pavements, and there is great rejoicing. All embargo on travel will doubtless be taken off by December 1. Disinfection begins Monday, and will take at least 20 days. New cases, 2; deaths none; total cases, 4,677; total deaths, 408.

GAINESVILLE, Fla., Nov. 27.—Heavy frost and ice an eighth of an inch in thickness last night.

Judge Rucker has called Senator Blackburn a coward, and has sent him a letter, which virtually calls for a duel.

FRANCE IN TROUBLE.

Has the Blood of the Young Republic Been Sucked by Unscrupulous Politicians?

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—A Paris special to the *Times* says: "While the sinister shadow of Boulangerism steadily increases in the land, the Republican factions seem to be on the brink of another quarrel over financial scandals which threaten to be even worse than that under which President Grevy and M. Wilson went down.

People are talking more about Numa Gilly's wholesale charges than anything else, in spite of the fact that his sweeping accusations against the politicians of the Right and Left do not seem so far to have much proof back of them.

"But from what I learn to-day, much worse is to come.

"The deputies have all received a circular letter signed by F. Martin, ex-agent of the Panama canal company, asserting that Messrs. Baihaut and Barbe, formerly ministers of Public Works, had each received during the past two years large bribes in return for the official and parliamentary assistance they had rendered the Panama Coal company.

"In addition, M. Martin says that fully fifty members of the Chamber are implicated in a similar corrupt way in the fortunes of DeLesseps's scheme, but he reserves their names in order to concentrate the charge of these ex-ministers and force them to proceed against him in the courts, where he begs to remind them that they will be heard. I take the liberty in doubting, however, that they will sue him unless they are forced into it.

"M. Martin also attacks the present effort of M. De Lesseps to obtain at least the formal backing of the Credit Foncier for his project of a new loan. It appears that the government is pretty deeply involved in support of this plan. M. Floquet is relying a good deal on patriotic flummery about piercing the isthmus of Panama under the French flag for electioneering capital in the general elections of next year.

"Hence, any big scandal now about the Panama canal will not only smash finally M. De Lesseps chances for getting more money out of the confiding French people, but will seriously threaten the government itself.

Quite as important in another way is the opening of subscriptions for the new Russian loan here in France. It is not so much that the investment is a very bad and unwise one financially, but that it will create a lot of political sentiment of a dangerous sort.

"Every peasant who holds 100 francs in Russian paper will have a new belief in the certainty of Russia's friendship for France to the obvious increase of willingness to engage in International ventures.

"There are numerous rumors afloat about disorders in Alsac, about fresh quarrels on the frontier, and alarming diplomatic correspondence, but nothing has occurred thus far to give them importance.

The Boulangists and Conservative journals charge the government with preparing a *coup d'etat* to be carried out on the occasion of the demonstration at the grave of the revolutionist Baudin on December 2. They alleged that government agents will mingle with the people in the cemetery on that day and provoke a conflict. The leaders in the demonstration will be arrested on truped up charges of having been engaged in plotting against the state and will afterwards be prosecuted for treason.

GLADSTONE DEFEATED.

His Amendment to the Land Bill Badly Snowed Under.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—In the House of Commons Mr. Madden, solicitor general for Ireland, in the absence of Mr. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, who is ill, brought in the bill to further facilitate the purchase by tenants of land in Ireland by adding £5,000,000 to the amount applicable under the Ashbourne act. Mr. Madden, in explaining the proposed measure, described the Ashbourne act as a great success. There had been, he said, 14,338 signed agreements for the purchase of land, of which 8,632 had been completed. There were only two courses open to the government. One was to abandon the scheme of land purchase, and the other was to extend the act. The fact that the act had been a conspicuous success justified the government in seeking to enlarge its operations.

When Mr. Madden had finished Mr. Gladstone arose. He was received with prolong cheering from the opposition.

Mr. Gladstone moved the following amendment to the government proposal: "That in lieu of voting £5,000,000 it is expedient, in view of the lamentable suffering arising from recent evictions in Ireland, to extend the land law of 1887 so as to empower the courts to reduce or cancel arrears of rents that are found to be excessive." He complained that the government had broken their pledge to the House, after obtaining the whole command of the time at the disposal of the members under engagement, that no controversal measures should be introduced.

The House after two days of debate divided and Mr. Gladstone's amendment was rejected 330 to 246. The motion to introduce the bill was agreed to. The Unionists voted solidly with the government. Two Gladstonians, Haldane and Grey, voted against the amendment and two others abstained from voting. The Gladstonian leaders did not challenge a division on the second reading, which was fixed for Thursday.

THE REICHSTAG.

Emperor William's Little Speech on the Opening of the House.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—The emperor in his speech opening the Reichstag, said he had undertaken to execute his grandfather's precious legacy with reference to social and political legislation. He did not indulge the hope that it would be possible to banish from the world by legislation the distress and misery of mankind. It was the duty of the government, however, to alleviate as far as possible organic institutions to bring about a recognition of the truth that the manifestation of the love of one's neighbor is the duty of a state as of a public community. "Our relations with all foreign powers is peaceful. My effort has been unceasing to strengthen this peace by alliance with Austria and Italy. It has no other object.

To bring, without necessity, the miseries even of a victorious war upon Germany would be incompatible with my Christian faith and my duties towards the German people. Actuated thus I considered it my duty shortly after my accession to the throne personally to greet, not only my allies, but also, and in the first place, friendly neighboring monarchs in order to seek an understanding with a view to the fulfillment of the task that God has set before me of securing to our people the blessings of peace and prosperity as far as lies in our power. The confidence extended to me and my policy at all the courts which I have visited, justifies the hope that I and my allies and friends with God's help will be able to preserve the peace of Europe."

THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

Col. J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, Elected Grand Master.

TOPEKA, KAS., Nov. 22.—At the closing session of the National Grange Col. Joseph H. Brigham, of Ohio, was elected Grand Master, and Leonard Rhone, of Pennsylvania, was selected to fill the vacancy on the executive committee.

A resolution was passed recommending congress to appropriate money for a deep water harbor on the northwest coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

A resolution urging that United States senators be elected by the people was passed, as was also a resolution advocating pure food.

The grange adjourned leaving the matter of the selection of the next meeting place to the executive committee.

A GREAT STORM.

Forty People Rescued by the Police at Montreal—Ocean Steamships Frozen In.

MONTREAL, Nov. 27.—(Special.)—One of the most severe storms of snow and wind known here for years broke over this province and Ontario Sunday evening and still continues. The wind at times blew as hard as 70 miles an hour. The streets and the surrounding country are covered with snow drifts, ten feet deep in places and the most severe cold prevails. Horse car lines here have stopped running.

Fifty-four people were picked up in the streets by the police Sunday night unable to make their way through the storm, being either benumbed by the cold or bewildered by the winds.

The storm was felt more severely on the Lower St. Lawrence than anywhere else.

The steamer Pomeranian, bound for Liverpool, which was grounded at Sorel, made an attempt to reach Quebec Sunday with the aid of four tugs. She got as far as Batiscan, 80 miles this side of Quebec, where she anchored for the night.

Yesterday not only the steamship, but the tugs, too, were frozen in solid. The Pomeranian will not get through this season. Her bows are badly cut by the ice, and the channel being so narrow she will probably be forced ashore on the rocks and become a total loss. The Allan steamship company, which owns her, will lose over $300,000.

At Quebec the gale is raging furiously, and the iron ferry boats that ply between that port and Point Lewis are caught in the ice which threatens to crush them.

The steamship Polino, bound from Cape Breton to Quebec, was seen struggling against the gale and ice in the gulf off Fame Point, 320 miles below Quebec, at daylight yesterday.

She suddenly disappeared and has not been seen or reported since. There are fears that she has been lost. She had 40 passengers, a crew of 30, and a general cargo.

L'Islet and Rivier du Loup report blinding snow storms, with heavy gales. Point Masqueran signal station reports a brig caught in the ice, powerless in the gale and flying signals of distress. Her name cannot be made out nor can help reach her.

Telegraph wires are down everywhere, and railroads are badly blocked, trains being generally delayed.

At Newcastle six schooners have been caught and crushed in the ice, and a similar fate has overtaken ten vessels at Chatham. Five vessels are caught opposite this city and will be crushed.

DOWN TO BUSINESS.

The President-Elect Names the Hours for Receiving Visitors.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 23.—Private Secretary Halford has formally entered upon his duties and occupies a desk in the library where the President-elect works. Both were busily engaged on accumulated correspondence.

Among General Harrison's callers were Congressman Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois; Hon. Wm. Cumback and daughter, Greenburg, Ind.; Alfred K. M. Calpin and I. H. C. Royce, Terre Haute; John F. Cravens, Dakota.

General Harrison has set aside the hours from 2 to 4 each week day to see those having business with him, or others who call to pay their respects.

It is also announced that every Wednesday morning, from 8 to 11, the General and Mrs. Harrison will be glad to receive all who may call.

Mrs. Harrison will receive her lady friends from 2 to 5 o'clock each Wednesday.

Capt. Wm. M. Meredith, the Chicago candidate for public printer, who has been in the city since Tuesday, has returned home. Col. Wm. R. Holloway, ex-postmaster of Indianapolis, it is also understood, is an active candidate for public printer. Still another candidate arrived to-night, L. L. Burke, editor of the Brooklyn *American*, an old employe of the department. Congressman L. C. Houk, of Tennessee, arrived to-night. Congressman Cannon left this evening for Washington.

TUPPER'S LETTER

He Was Not Caught By the Man Murchison.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 26.—Sir Charles Tupper's reply to Charles F. Murchison, who wrote him at the same time Minister West was addressed, is now printed for the first time. It is as follows and is dated London, Oct. 5:

"DEAR SIR:—I esteem it a high compliment that your letter of the 5th ult. should have been addressed to me, and I may say that it was sent on to me here by my son in Ottawa.

"My official position as the representative of Canada in Great Britain makes it quite impossible, however, for me to offer any opinion on the question you raise, as I can see no reflection, you will immediately comprehend.

"As you will be aware, the hope is uppermost in everyb